



No. 204.—VOL. XVI.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1896.

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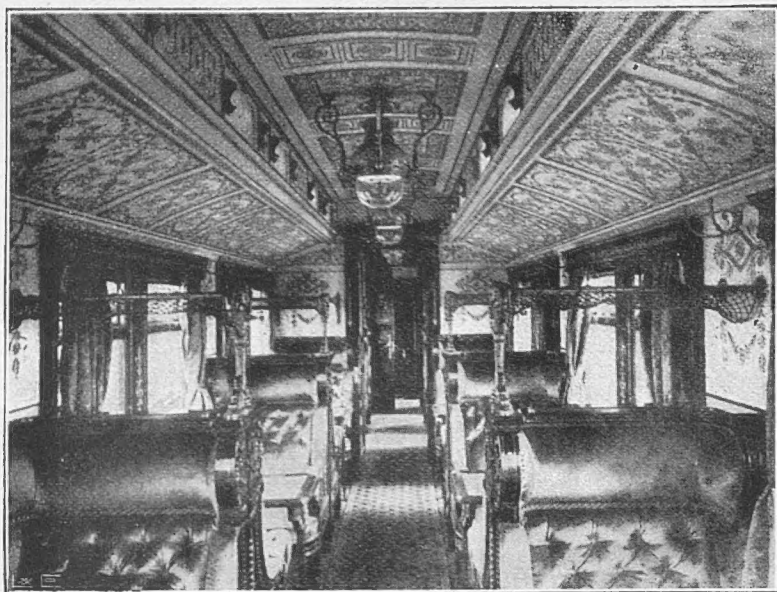


MISS JULIA ARTHUR, WHO IS APPEARING AS LADY ANNE IN "RICHARD III.,"
AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. CASWALL SMITH, OXFORD STREET, W.

COMFORTABLE CHRISTMAS TRAVELLING.

The travelling public in general, and that section of it in particular whose business or pleasure takes them to Hastings, should be grateful for the American Car train recently inaugurated by the South-Eastern Company. The new train makes only one trip a-day, leaving Hastings in the morning, London in the afternoon; but, judging by the manner in which its comforts have already been appreciated, more trains of a similar kind will be put into use on this system as speedily as they can



A DINING-CAR.

be built. Two most palpable gains in these dark and chilly days are the electric light which illumines each of the six carriages—two first-, one second-, and three third-class—and the hot-water pipes which warm them. In the important consideration of oscillation, the new train leaves no cause for complaint, for, although the weight of each carriage is only about half of that of the heaviest car in use in America, still, it is heavier by four tons than the English "bogie" saloon, and, as proved by experience, it travels with greater steadiness. Nor does its length, which is fifty as against the ordinary forty-four feet, prevent it from going smoothly round the curves or accomplishing the journey of fifty-nine miles between Cannon Street and West St. Leonards within an hour and a half.

Again, although a first-class passenger can perambulate, thanks to the flexible vestibules of leather and latticed steel, throughout the entire length of the train, while the third-class traveller has three carriages—some hundred and fifty feet—in which to roam, the English idea of seclusion has not been forgotten. About one-half of one of the first-class carriages forms a spacious and elegant ladies' saloon, while the seats in the third-class have been so arranged that two friends can sit together, while the lonely or unsociable passenger can have a seat all to himself—an arrangement unknown in the American "day-coach" which may be said to correspond with our third-class accommodation. Although there is only one rate of fare in America, it is impossible to travel with any degree of comfort there, unless you pay extra for a seat in a Pullman or Wagner Palace Car. No "day-coach" in America is so commendable as the third-class saloons on this new train. The general scheme of decoration is lighter and brighter than is generally the case; excellent lavatory compartments and smoking-rooms are provided on each carriage, and the cuspidor so indispensable in America—even in the fashionable "Congressional Limited," which runs between New York and Washington—is a very rare commodity in the English train, and is difficult of discovery because it only exists, in the disguise of a footstool, in the smoking-rooms!

While on the question of railway improvements, I must refer to the two new dining-cars which the Midland Company are to place in the London and Manchester express service on the first day of the New Year. Built in the company's Derby workshops, they are designed to give the greatest ease, comfort, and safety possible to passengers, whether travelling at a low or a high rate of speed. The bodies of the carriages, which are sixty feet long, eight feet wide, and eight feet high, rest upon bogie trucks with six pairs of wheels. A number of india-rubber springs of a new type are also interposed between the under-frame and the body of the car, the complete structure being so arranged as to minimise vibration and irregularities of motion. The floors, sides, and roofs have been built up with felt, indiarubber, hair, and vulcanite between the timbers, for the purpose of absorbing or preventing the conduct of sound and deadening the noise and rattle which usually accompany locomotion by rail; and to further this object the side and top windows are double glazed with plate glass. The decoration, which has been carried out by Messrs. Gillow, of Lancaster, introduces a new departure in railway upholstery. Each car is lighted by means of compressed oil-gas (each lamp having four jets), and is warmed by hot water from the engine, the heat radiating from a brass grill. A ladies' and a gentlemen's lavatory is also provided at each end of the car.

"A DOLL'S HOUSE."

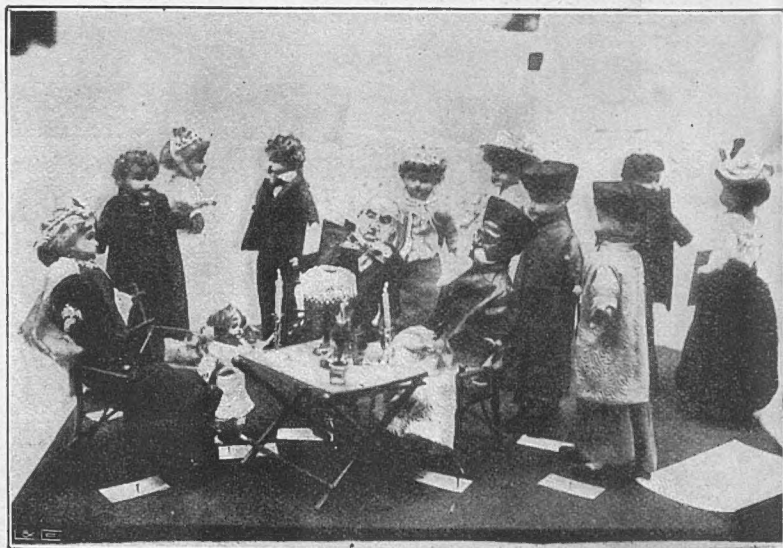
Mr. Labouchere is certainly a very wonderful man. He seems equally at home in the character of defendant in a libel suit, and in acting as Providence to the thousands of hapless little mortals who, but for his efforts on their behalf, would spend a very cheerless Christmas in workhouse, poor-school, or hospital. You would have been very much struck with that if you had seen the Albert Hall last week, converted for the nonce by the readers of *Truth* into a magnificent doll's house. All day long a well-dressed Liliputian crowd stood fascinated before the serried rows of dolls—dolls in every conceivable attire, dolls with "a past," dolls with a present—and looked with wondering eyes on this densely populated patch of Toyland.

The quaint little figures had about them a curious historical charm, reflecting as they did not only the modes of the moment, but also the leading topics of the day. Thus, cheek by jowl with a battalion of stalwart soldiers stood a squadron of sturdy sailor-boys; a row of Salvation Army lasses seemed to implore the attention of the waxen-faced worldlings whose elaborate costumes were in their way miracles of ingenuity and taste. The great ones of every side of life were represented. There were Li Hung Chang and Mr. Gladstone, surrounded by his family, including, of course, Miss Dorothy Drew, in that memorable meeting of the Grand Old Men at Hawarden. Little Miss Labouchere herself sent a Mistress of the Hounds in scarlet bodice and dark-blue habit. Miss Marie Corelli sent Little Jessamine Dale from "The Mighty Atom." Stageland was represented by the lovely Lohengrin in his gorgeous armour, and by "Charley's Aunt," who expired (at the Globe Theatre) a night or two after the show; and by "The Gay Parisienne," whose vagaries were varied on Monday by Miss Peggy Pride *vice* Miss Louie Freear; and again by pretty Pitti Sing, who still charms Savoyards. There were dolls representing pictures by Millais and Kate Greenaway; others figuring as Truth, as Charity, or the Queen of the May; in fact, the dwellers in that great doll domain would have needed a directory all to themselves—those Pierrots, nurses, Watteau beauties, Tars and Tommies, who stood pertly in their rows.

Having seen them all, who could declare that the art of plain-sewing is lost? Among the thousands of dolls shown, scarce one but has had lavished on it rows of exquisite stitchery, and it must be no easy matter to decide as to which among the exhibits most deserve the prizes provided by the editor of *Truth*. The record as to the number of dolls dressed is held by Mrs. Alexander and Miss Rawson, who sent three hundred each.

As in former years, a prominent feature in the exhibition was a glass case containing eleven thousand newly minted sixpences. These coins, the gift of an anonymous donor, have become a recognised feature, and the giver evidently realises vividly what kind of present appeals most to the childish mind. Mr. Tom Smith was represented by twenty-three thousand crackers. Indeed, not the least interesting portion of the show were the cleverly arranged groups of miscellaneous exhibits, which formed a very varied background to the long lists of the dolls themselves.

The editor of *Truth* started his Toy Fund and Doll-Dressing Competition some seventeen years ago, and at the first exhibition, which was held, by the way, at the editorial offices in Queen Street, the number of exhibits was under a thousand. This year the total



LI HUNG CHANG'S VISIT TO HAWARDEN.

Designed by Miss Teresina Hardaway.

reached nearly thirty thousand, including the four thousand dolls every one of which was specially dressed for the show. The new sixpences first appeared on the programme in 1883, and they have never failed since. The mere business of arranging the distribution of the toys must be no light matter, and Mr. Labouchere is heartily to be congratulated on the thoroughly effective fashion in which he has organised this most important and least-known side of the work.

SOME TENANTS OF "THE DOLL'S HOUSE."

Photographs by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.



CHERRY RIPE.
Dressed by Miss E. Grimes, aged 15.



PRESENT-DAY DRESS.
Dressed by Miss M. M. Davies.



AMY ROBSART.
Dressed by G. F. Birch.



LITTLE JESSAMINE DALE ("THE MIGHTY ATOM").
Dressed by Miss Marie Corelli.



LE DUC DE MONTPENSIER
Dressed by Mrs. John Mitford.



SUMMER ROSES.
Dressed by Mrs. H. G. Truefitt.



BLACK FOREST PEASANT.
Dressed by Mr. W. H. Leslie.



MATADOR.
Dressed by Miss Mary Streetfield.



BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.
Dressed by Mrs. Webber.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Some people are born travellers. They understand by instinct the fearsome complexity of Continental railway tickets; they always know the best train and the shortest route; they secure all the comforts of hotels at the smallest cost; they never lose even the most insignificant item of luggage; and they are always calm. Now, for several days before I undertake a journey, I am a prey to nervous agitation. The business of packing appals me, because I have a tricky sprite at my elbow—a troll, as they say in Norway—who amuses himself by making me stuff the portmanteau with needless waistcoats. Some necessary thing, the razor, the hair-brush, the night-shirt, is sure to be forgotten, and in its place I discover all the waistcoats which have been accumulated in a frugal lifetime. When the French *douanier* asks me if I have "anything to declare," I murrur "*Gilets*" in a hesitating tone, as if I were not sure whether these articles of apparel are contraband. As a rule, however, the *douanier* does not trouble himself about my baggage. One glance at me discloses to him the Complete Simpleton of travel, curious enough about odd corners of strange places and quaint characteristics of new people, but no more capable of smuggling than a baby.

I remember a disrespectful Custom House officer in New York. A joyous company of players had carried me to that city, and I stood on the quay, beside my beautiful new trunk, inviting the Customs official to inspect it. He scribbled on it at once with a piece of contemptuous chalk, remarking, "You needn't open it; no actor carries anything worth examining!" I was speechless with indignation at this insult to the drama. True, I was not a member of the dramatic profession, but, in the first bloom of youth, I had yearned for the stage, and had actually trodden the boards of a suburban theatre. The piece was "*Belphegor*," and the actor who played the mountebank was in a terrific rage because I forgot my cue in a conversation with a charming young person who stood in the wings. When I appeared, rather hurriedly, at last, I said, "Seize his papers!" a line which had been cut out of my part at a rehearsal I had not attended. Such an unpleasant commotion followed this trifling mishap that I withdrew from the company, having purchased a waistcoat from the low comedian as a memento of friendship.

I suppose the American hotel-clerk is still the dread of the inexperienced traveller. When you stand in his presence, you become at once aware that you are a hardened offender, and that here is the magistrate who will appoint a fitting punishment for your crimes. He growls the number of your room as if it were the condemned cell; and you are a little surprised that he does not assume the black cap, and invoke the divine clemency on your soul. I used to think he suffered from over-study of the rights of man, and regarded them as a social pyramid with himself as the apex. In the European hotel the traveller is accustomed to be treated with consideration. He stays in the house for his own pleasure, and looks upon the administrators as designed for his service. Such a theory is hateful to the peculiar Republicanism of the American hotel-clerk. He is something more than a man and your brother, for he does not recognise equality, much less deferential civility. The hotel is a house, not of entertainment, but correction; and if you do not care for the discipline, you can go elsewhere without exciting in the clerk the slightest emotion of surprise or even of inquiry. Should America ever be disposed to try the experiment of an oligarchy, a junta of hotel-clerks might conduct the business of the country with an impassive severity which would have astonished the Council of Ten.

I am writing this at an open window overlooking the palms and pine-woods of Hyères. Two nights ago I was in the whirl of popular amusement at Marseilles. At the Palais de Cristal, a huge music-hall, I heard a lady sing the ugliness of men, and a gentleman with a bald head and a smattering of a nose fervently affirm that he was irresistible to the fair. For a full hour I watched a pantomime in which a lieutenant and a corporal of the French Army played pranks upon an old woman, the mother of a brigand chief. The brigands were in the cellar, waiting for the signal to come up and murder the visitors; and meanwhile the old lady indulged in diversions which caused the corporal, by no means a squeamish man, to rush to the wings and appear to be violently sick. The democracy of Marseilles followed this entertainment with manifest pleasure, and were vociferous with delight at the corporal's sudden indisposition. Here in Hyères the visitors read to one another passages from the English papers, with appropriate comments. They take an

interest in the effect of the death of a Cuban insurgent leader on American opinion, and receive with mild monosyllables the news that Lord Salisbury is reported to have sounded Italy as to her attitude towards any movement for the coercion of the Sultan. It is a repetition of the Marseilles pantomime, without the corporal's medical details. To increase the gravity of the situation, I read some particulars in the *Times* of Lord Acton's project for the compilation of a universal history, which shall bring all the commotions of mankind into a purely scientific aspect.

O that scientific history! It is like the secret of perpetual motion. Man is always craving to set some machine going for ever with absolute regularity. When he looks back on his own history, he wants to see an endless and luminous chain of cause and effect. Historians of the highest ability have described great events to the deep discontent of multitudes of readers. Imagine an account of the Reformation which shall command the assent of Christendom! Lord Acton proposes to get a little nearer to the truth by a sort of Convocation. Instead of working independently, the writers of history are to lay their heads together, and work out a complete scheme of man's development. There remains the trifling drawback that, even supposing the unanimity of living English historians were secured, it would have to encounter the accumulated diversities of the oracles who are dead. If we put these aside, how are we to ensure the agreement of foreign writers with the conclusions of Lord Acton and his devoted band? Or will some enterprising reconciler of differences, compared to which the Tower of Babel is a symbol of unity, favour us with the prospectus of the International Historians Universal Coincidence Company, Unlimited?

Besides, there is something repugnant to any self-respecting individuality in this idea of a consensus of opinion about the past. Fancy Mr. Andrew Lang converted to Froude's view of Mary Stuart, or the Protestant historians in general convinced that Mary was a saint in her injuries! What is the salt of life if I cannot think what I please about historical characters, whitewash this one, or give to that an extra coat of the deepest black? Would any of us consent to the application of Lord Acton's plan to our family affairs, to appoint a committee of kinsmen to settle the precise claims of any given set of progenitors to our respect and admiration? Will some sociologist come forward with a scheme for an exhaustive inquiry into the reputations of the mothers-in-law of the present century, so as to establish the history of that much-abused class on a purely scientific basis? I take up a Paris paper, and the first thing that catches my eye is the jest of a wag who has taken a villa on the Seine, in a notoriously unhealthy spot, and who, when asked why he should run such a risk, replies that he has installed his mother-in-law in the new house. Will the sociologist and his coadjutors guarantee the extinction of this form of humour by pure logic, or prove to us that it is one of the eternal processes of evolution?

I see that an English publisher is distressed by the absence of any agreement among authors as to the rules of spelling. He thinks the subject worthy of a complaint in the *Times*, and is cruelly gibbeted by that journal for writing "prevalance." A lady whose popular novels he has the privilege of giving to the world confesses that orthography is beyond her, and a reader has to be specially engaged to revise her "copy." This is not a purely feminine weakness. A well-known author of my acquaintance, whose opinions always excite bracing controversy, often stumbles in the spelling of the simplest words. This does not give him the smallest concern, and it denotes no weakness either in his intelligence or his literary sense. When I have read his manuscript, I have been inclined to suspect that correct spelling is mere pedantry. The intervention of a publisher as an educational reformer may have the effect of driving authors into revolutionary excesses. "He spells like a publisher," may become a reproach to mere conventional accuracy. While our historians are engaged in settling the progress of mankind in accordance with scientific principles, we may see authors defying the dictionary as a tyrannical code, constructed in the interests of publishers.

A century ago no man of taste and letters ever troubled himself about his orthography. To-day there is an assumption that bad spelling is a sure sign of a deficient education. Are we to have an aristocracy of literature, which may spell as it pleases, and a democracy of the Board school, which must spell correctly to escape the tangible penalties of illiteracy? Will a popular movement direct itself presently against the despotism of spelling, with the strength and persistence of the anti-vaccinationists? Such an ebullition, I fancy, would command the sneaking regard of some learned professors of classic culture.

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(By Order) ALLEN SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

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Tickets, Pamphlets, and full particulars of excursions and alterations in ordinary train arrangements can be obtained at the Company's Stations and usual Receiving Offices.

J. L. WILKINSON, General Manager.

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At 5.50 a.m. for BASINGSTOKE, SALISBURY, EXETER, TAVISTOCK, PLYMOUTH, BARNSTAPLE, ILFRACOMBE, BIDEFORD, &c.

At 8.5 a.m. for SOUTHAMPTON, PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR (for Ryde), GOSPORT, ROMSEY, SALISBURY, CHRISTCHURCH, BOURNEMOUTH, LYMINGTON, YARMOUTH, &c.

At 9.30 a.m. **FAST TRAIN** at Cheap Fares for SOUTHAMPTON WEST, NEW FOREST, and BOURNEMOUTH.

At 11 a.m. for ILFRACOMBE.

On **SUNDAY, Dec. 27, SPECIAL LATE TRAINS** for LONDON will leave Bodmin 5 p.m., Wadebridge 5.30 p.m., Launceston 6.53 p.m., Torrington 7.40 p.m., Ilfracombe 7.25 p.m., Barnstaple Junction 8.17 p.m., Plymouth (Friary) 6.57 p.m., Devonport 7.14 p.m., Exeter 9 and 10.10 p.m., and Salisbury 11.26 p.m. and 12.50 a.m. (Sunday midnight), calling at principal Stations.

On **MONDAY, DEC. 28, a SPECIAL FAST TRAIN** for LONDON will leave Plymouth (Friary) 9.57 p.m., Mudley 10.7 p.m., North Road 10.10 p.m., Devonport 10.16 p.m., Bodmin 7.45 p.m., Wadebridge 8.45 p.m., Launceston 10.5 p.m., Holworthy 10.10 p.m., Okehampton 11.24 p.m., Bideford 10.12 p.m., Ilfracombe 9.45 p.m., Barnstaple Junction 10.36 p.m., Exeter 12.20 a.m., Yeovil 1.40 a.m., and Salisbury 3.12 a.m. (Tuesday morning), arriving Waterloo 5.17 a.m.

For further particulars of additional trains see Bills and Programmes.

CHAS. SCOTTER, General Manager.

M I D - L A N D R A I L W A Y .

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

On Christmas Day the trains will run as appointed for Sundays, except the Newspaper Express leaving London (St. Pancras) at 5.15 a.m., which will run to Bedford, Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, Sheffield, and Manchester, as on Ordinary Week-days. The 8.55 a.m. local train Sheffield to Leeds, &c., will await the arrival of the Newspaper Express at Sheffield.

ON SATURDAY, DEC. 26, AND ON NEW YEAR'S DAY,

certain booked trains will be **DISCONTINUED**, of which due notice will be given by special bills at the stations.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR EXCURSIONS.

NORTH OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

On Thursday, Dec. 24, for 4, 5, 8, or 10 days, and on Thursday, Dec. 31, for 4, 5, or 10 days, to NEWCASTLE, Berwick, Carlisle, Dumfries, Castle Douglas, Kirkcudbright, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, Ayr, Kilmarnock, Stranraer, &c., from St. Pancras at 10.5 p.m., Kentish Town at 10.10, Victoria (L. C. and D.) 8.20, Moorgate Street 9.12, Aldersgate Street 9.14, and Farringdon Street 9.16 p.m., and to Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Arbroath, Montrose, Aberdeen, &c., leaving ST. PANCRAS at 9.15 p.m., Kentish Town 9.19, Victoria (L. C. and D.) 8.3, Moorgate Street 8.47, Aldersgate Street 8.49, and Farringdon Street at 8.51 p.m.

RETURN TICKETS at a **THIRD-CLASS SINGLE FARE** for the **DOUBLE JOURNEY** will be issued by the train on Dec. 24 to the places mentioned, available for return on any day up to Jan. 8, 1897, and by the train on Dec. 31 available for return on any day up to Jan. 15, 1897.

GENERAL EXCURSION.

On Thursday night, Dec. 24, to Leicester, BIRMINGHAM, NOTTINGHAM, Derby, Newark, Lincoln, Burton, MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, Blackburn, Bolton, Sheffield, LEEDS, BRADFORD, York, Hull, Scarborough, Newcastle, the Lake District, &c., returning Dec. 27 or 28.

IRELAND.

There will also be cheap Excursions to DUBLIN, Ballina, Galway, Sligo, Cork, Killarney, Limerick, BELFAST, Londonderry, Portrush, &c., on Wednesday, Dec. 23; and to Londonderry, via Liverpool, on Thursday, Dec. 24. See Bills for times of return.

CHEAP WEEK-END TICKETS.

The Cheap Week-End Tickets issued on Fridays and Saturdays during the winter will also be issued on Thursdays, Dec. 24 and 31, from LONDON (ST. PANCRAS) and other MIDLAND STATIONS to the PRINCIPAL HOLIDAY and HEALTH RESORTS for the CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS.

Tickets and Bills may be had at the MIDLAND STATIONS and CITY BOOKING OFFICES; and from Thomas Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus, and branch offices.

Derby, Dec. 1896.

GEO. H. TURNER, General Manager.

CYCLISTS are made up from all classes of the community, and yet there is a subtle fascination in the sport which appeals to every rider of the wheel. The subtle fascination of the "Humber" is irresistible. It is incomparably the pleasure cycle.

Catalogues on application at 32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

SPA WINTER SEASON.—At the historic Monte Carlo of Belgium, within easy reach of London and three hours of Brussels, you find a sheltered yet bracing climate, excellent shooting, a CERCLE DES ETRANGERS, with Roulette, Trente-et-Quarante, Conceris, Reading-Room, &c., always open, and the best hotel accommodation, at an inclusive tariff of 10 fr. PER DIEM. For details, address M. JULES CREHAY, Secretary.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.30,
UNDER THE RED ROBE.

MATINEES EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.

HAYMARKET.

EMPIRE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING, THE NEW GRAND
BALLET, MONTE CRISTO. Great Success. LUMIERE'S CINEMATOGRAPH.
GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT. Doors open at 7.30.

ALHAMBRA.—EVERY EVENING, TWO NEW GRAND
BALLETS, RIP VAN WINKLE and THE TZIGANE. Grand Varieties.
Prices 6d. to £3 3s. Open 7.30. ALFRED MOUL, General Manager.

NATIONAL SKATING PALACE, 7, ARGYLL STREET,
REGENT STREET, W.

Charges for Admission.

10.30 a.m. to 1 p.m. 3s.

3 p.m. to 6 p.m. (Non-Skaters half-price) . . . 5s.

7.30 p.m. to 10.30 p.m. 3s.

MISS MABEL DAVIDSON (QUEEN OF THE ICE).

just arrived from America, will give her Wonderful Exhibition of Figure and Fancy Skating this Evening and every Evening during the Week at 9.30. Also on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 4.30.

NATURE IN ART.

FREDERIC IVES' WONDERFUL INVENTION,
THE KROMSKOP.

St. George's Gallery,
14, Grafton Street, Bond Street. On View Daily, 10 to 6. Admission, 1s.

"LA COUTURIÈRE."

What an Arcadian poem in petticoats is the Parisian *couturière* of this go-ahead nineteenth century! What a dainty and delicious harmony in colour is this bright and winsome young lady, familiar to all frequenters of the sparkling boulevards! The little French dressmaker has always had a reputation for unflinching taste and skill, and the well-fed, well-clothed, and well-mannered *dames du monde* who live and move and have their being in what is called society are successfully photographed by the dressmaker—in fact, the lady of the perfumed drawing-room of St. Germain, the aristocratic paradise of dear old Paris, finds her equal and fatally correct imitation in the finely feathered inferior creation. For "Mademoiselle la Couturière" is a veritable connoisseur in all things essential towards rendering the world of fashion resplendent and engaging by the knowledge of *la mode* she has acquired in the training institutions in the French capital. Time was, however, when she was instructed in a rather irregular manner, much being left to the intuitive faculties. But that is all changed. The embryo dressmaker of the present day is educated professionally in a most methodical manner, and eventually becomes the most phenomenal product the fashionable world has ever seen. Scattered throughout the city of Paris are many institutions where this devoted young lady is not only taught sewing, but a knowledge of design is also inculcated into her sharp intellect, for most Frenchwomen are noted for their quickness of apprehension and readiness in the acquisition of anything they undertake. Having accomplished the "pons Asinorum" and all the other theorems and propositions evolved by the famous Greek mathematician, she receives elaborate lessons in design. In each school there is a superintendent (or *maitresse couturière*), who is a skilful geometrician and designer, as well as a perfect needlewoman and tailoress. This lady makes her pupil sketch on paper or on cloth, with graphic and symmetrical precision, the costumes which she will ultimately construct in solid stuffs, and teaches her to transform various articles of feminine attire by rapid strokes of pencil or chalk, from a rotunde to a mantelette, and from a corsage or a basque into a pelerine. But this is not all. Madame also aims at making her youthful *couturière* an artist in water-colour—not for the purpose, I hasten to add, of enabling her to limn essays that may ultimately find their way to the picture galleries, but in order to assist the *couturière* to combine colour with form in the matter of constructing those remarkable creations, those beautiful "joys for ever," that emanate from the artistic intellect of the French dressmaker.

The Parisian *couturière* is a woman of importance. She is, indeed, a dark divinity made up of charms and graces, wit and affection. A conversationalist of wonderful fluency, like the majority of our loquacious neighbours, her language is invariably wrapped up carefully in metaphor and elegant badinage, like one of Madame de Sévigné's famous letters to her daughter in the far-off days of the Empire. To hear her pleasant, rippling prattle "over the walnuts" is like listening to a gossip character reciting her polished diction on the stage of the Comédie Française. *La couturière* affects every new caprice of coiffure and carriage, and keeps herself *au courant* with every little tit-bit of the scandal-loving inhabitants of the *bariolé* city. She mingles with the crowd of Bohemians that hold their blissful little dinner-parties in the magnificent restaurants that ornament the merry boulevards. This bright little lady knows every fad by heart, for her powers of observation are elastic. She could a tale unfold were you the fortunate perfidious Albion to secure an introduction, and that is not a difficult matter at the Moulin Rouge or the Casino de Paris. The life and the soul and the sunshine of all good Parisians is *la couturière*.

DESIRÉE.

New York in picture is admirably presented in the series of King's handbooks published in Boston. Messrs. Mabie, Todd, and Bard, of Swan fountain pen fame, will give you a copy.

SMALL TALK.

The disappearance of Mr. Hubert Crackanthorpe has a romantic touch, whether there be a tragedy or not. Mr. Crackanthorpe was the author of "Wreckage," a book which created a very natural excitement upon its appearance, for it was a work of genius of a kind. After some weeks' disappearance in Paris, he has been given up for lost by his family. His father, Mr. Crackanthorpe, the well-known Q.C., would seem to be responsible for a notice to the Press, which takes his son's death for granted. But of his death we have no clear evidence, and there is not the slightest reason why a man of so vivid imagination may not have betaken himself to Spain or to some other equally pleasant part of the globe for a holiday freak. Young Hubert Crackanthorpe was a well-known figure at first-night performances and at all kinds of social gatherings, and I do not in the least despair of seeing him again at similar festivities.



MR. HUBERT CRACKANTHORPE.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

Club to General Roberts. The New Vagabonds' Club is one of the large dining-clubs of London which meet periodically after the fashion of the Odd Volumes and the Johnson Club. Its president on this particular occasion was Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, and its vice-presidents Mr. Douglas Sladen and Mr. Burgin. Mr. Burgin, who writes the entertaining "Diary of a Bookseller" in Mr. Jerome's publication *To-Day*, explains in the last issue the reason for the Club's existence, which is the introduction of the younger men in literature, art, and journalism to their better-known colleagues, and "to lend a helping social hand to youngsters who are just beginning their bitter struggle for bread in this great Sahara of London." This object is a very meritorious one, and I wish all good fortune to the New Vagabonds' Club. Judged by the splendid array of famous men and women who were present at the last dinner, the Club has certainly got a great future before it upon these lines.

Helen, Lady Forbes, who has just written two pieces of music, "The Lonach Highlanders' Quadrilles" and "The Strathden Lancers," is one of the beautiful Moncreiffs. One of her sisters is Duchess of Atholl, another is Georgiana, Countess of Dudley. Lady Forbes married Sir Charles Forbes of Newe, who died in 1884. Newe is situated in Strathden, Aberdeenshire, a beautiful and happily out-of-the-way valley, where the Forbes' are dominant. The clan meets annually at Lonach, the gathering being admirably managed by Mr. J. B. Innes, the schoolmaster of the parish, in whom you will find a fine specimen of the good old Scots dominie. It rivals the Braemar Gathering in popularity, and these two pieces of music will be of interest to anybody who has ever been up in that sweet corner of the world.

The estate of Cobham, near Gravesend, the property of the Earl of Darnley, who died so suddenly on his Irish property last week, is one of the most lovely in the lovely county of Kent. Lovers of Dickens will recall that it was one of the favourite haunts of the great novelist, who revelled in its glades and charming woodland scenery. Cricketers, especially some of the older ones, will remember the hospitality of the late Earl and his love of the national pastime. Cobham possesses an interesting history. For many generations it belonged to the family after whom it was named, and in the reign of the fourth Henry it became the property of a lady who transferred the manor in succession to five husbands, all of whom she survived! Her fourth, by the way, was that Sir John Oldecastle who became a Lollard and a martyr. This formidable lady, I believe, left but one daughter, whose descendants held Cobham till the time of James I., when it was forfeited to the Crown by that wretched being the last Lord Cobham, to whom Sir Walter Raleigh probably owed his condemnation. The estate was given by James to Darnley, Earl of Lennox, and in 1714 the heiress of the Lennoxes married a gentleman named Bligh, bringing to him Cobham and other Stewart possessions. The hall itself, as I recollect it a good many years ago, is a mellow brick, turreted building, considered an admirable example of the domestic architecture of the sixteenth century,

a portion of it, I believe, being designed by Inigo Jones. Wonderfully striking, rich, and picturesque was its general appearance, especially from a little distance. The music-room—one of Inigo's apartments—was, it is said, pronounced by George IV. to be "the finest room in England"; there were some fine Vandycks in this room when I remember it. In my boyhood's days I thought the owner of Cobham one of the most enviable of men, and, though I have seen many a statelier place since then, I am not sure that I have changed my opinion.

It is an extraordinary coincidence that within a day of the Earl's death I received from the ingenious Mr. Mosher, of Portland, Maine, the December number of the *Bibelot*, a reprint giving "The Death of Darnley." I need hardly say it is Mary's Darnley, four scenes being reprinted from Mr. Swinburne's rousing "Bothwell." Among the further coincidences to be noted, this reprint must have been on its way to me when Mr. Swinburne's mother was dying, and while the High Courts were hearing the settlement of the slander action by the Marquis of Huntly, whose ancestress, Jean Gordon, was Darnley's poor deserted wife.

Professor Patrick Geddes, of Edinburgh, has been in town for the past week or so. He left for the Continent a day or two ago, and intends to proceed as far as Constantinople, if not farther, to study the Armenian Question. He is one of the most interesting men in Scotland. He is a visionary, and an intensely practical being, and manages to carry a good few of his dreams into practice. The publishing business which is conducted under his name, though not personally by him, is only a small offshoot of his genius. By the way, the Winter Number of the *Evergreen*, which has just appeared, is the last we shall see of that curious quarterly for some time. It is said that the main object of its existence has been served. That was to bring together Celtic writers from the different "fringes," so as to lead to a communion of sentiment. The *Savoy* also has joined the majority.

The campaign against the matinée-hat is progressing splendidly. At Brussels, for instance, the municipal authorities have forbidden absolutely the wearing of hats by ladies in the stalls of theatres. They permit merely the compromise that hats may be worn where the seats are so arranged at different levels that one row of spectators can see with ease over the heads of those before them.

"Look out," said a journalist to a member of the House of Commons, "you are being 'Spy'-ed for *Vanity Fair*." The member nervously fingered his moustache and affected an attitude. A week or two later he found himself and his mannerism drawn to the life. The latest "*Vanity Fair* Album" shows how cleverly our politicians are caricatured. Here we have Mr. Haldane with hands in trouser-pockets and hat on the back of his head, Mr. Hanbury with hair a little flurried in front, Mr. Gerald Balfour delicately poisoning a document on the tips of his uplifted fingers. The lawyers, too, live in the *Vanity Fair* pictures just as we see them in Court. Look, for instance, at Mr. Byrne, "Chitty's Leader," as he stands with leg bent against his desk! Literary men are not always so well treated in these pages. The Laureate may not complain of his unpoetic-like appearance, for he admires not the long-haired poet; but "The Manxman" is a little too wild and too red, and the picture of George Meredith by "Max" has naturally caused offence to the friends of the novelist. One of the most interesting portraits is that of Mr. Hooley. He is drawn in sportsman-like attire, with whip in hand, and looks quite a worthy descendant of sturdy yeoman farmers. The letterpress accompaniment of the pictures is frequently very good, in spite of its straining after sententiousness. It is not every short sentence which can express so much as George Meredith's comment on the Egoist, that he "had a leg."



PAPWORTH (MR. E. T. HOOLEY).

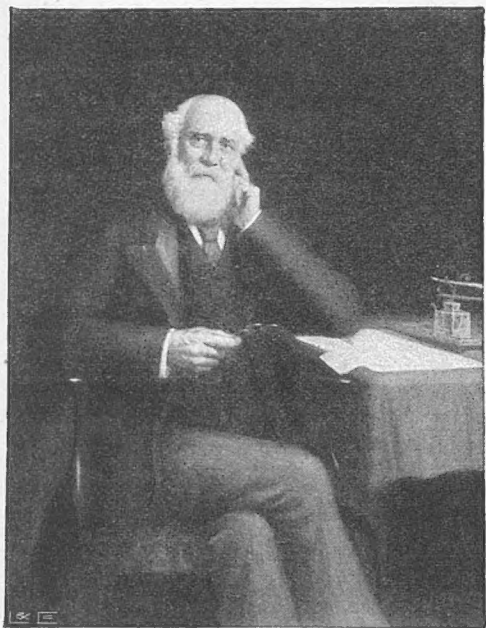
Reproduced from "*Vanity Fair*" Album.

Not so long ago London children had the delight of witnessing a charming stage version of one of Lewis Carroll's stories. Now it is said that a popular American burlesque writer is laying sacrilegious hands upon "Alice in Wonderland," which he means to present in up-to-date burlesque form. Is there no thunderbolt to strike this transatlantic Ajax?

A correspondent writes from Quebec—

Madame Albani, now touring out here with a distinguished company of supporting artists, is everywhere receiving an enthusiastic reception, and crowds assemble at all the railway stations in order to obtain a glimpse of the famous prima donna, who, as you know, is a Canadian by origin. Second in popularity is Miss Beatrice Langley, the violinist, whose marvellously developed talent has so far caused her to electrify all her audiences. Miss Beverley Robinson, the mezzo-soprano, is also scoring a great success; and the same may be said of Mr. Braxton Smith, the well-known tenor who lately married Miss Mabel Berry, and of Mr. Lempière Pringle, formerly principal basso of the Carl Rosa Company. Lastly, I may mention Signor Seppilli, originally conductor of the Covent Garden Opera, whose reputation out here is now fairly established. The party leave Quebec to-day (Dec. 2) for Montreal.

Lord Rosebery presided at the City Liberal Club on Thursday, when Mr. W. Curling Anderson, who was one of its founders in 1874, and has been its chairman for fourteen years, was presented with a portrait of himself by Mr. Frank S. Ogilvie. A silver tea-and-coffee service and a jewelled bracelet for Mrs. Anderson were also presented, for Mr. Anderson has been a great supporter of the club. Lord Rosebery described the term "Liberal" as one of the most beautiful and powerful words in the English language.



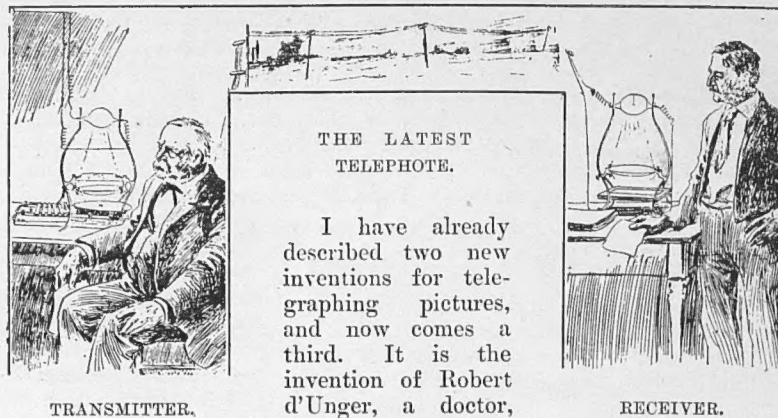
MR. W. CURLING ANDERSON.—F. S. OGILVIE.

As usual at this time in the hunting season, Masters are finding great difficulty in arranging their meets in such wise as to accommodate proprietors of coverts where the pheasants have not yet been disturbed. We are prone to hug notions which we have inherited, and ninety-five shooting-men in a hundred firmly believe that pheasants are frightened away by hounds running through a wood. As a matter of fact, drawing a covert for a fox

the very day before a pheasant-shoot comes off does no harm whatever. The birds that do leave the wood when put up by hounds return home to roost after feeding-time in the evening, and are there waiting for the beaters in the morning. Since hand-rearing has become so general, many men insist that it is a very good thing to run hounds through the pheasant covert occasionally before shooting it. Hand-reared birds are slower to rise before the beaters than wild pheasants, and disturbance by hounds makes them quicker to take wing, and therefore give better sport, or let us say, better shots.

The eternal wire difficulty is as rife as ever this season all over the country. In some parts the farmers are so obliging as to take down in winter the strand with which they strengthen their hedges against trespassing cattle, and on a very large proportion of farms the "death-trap" is marked by red rags, boards, or poles, that a horseman can see a hundred yards away. But there are a few farmers who insist that, if men ride over their lands, they do it at their own risk, and decline either to remove the wire or mark it. Ordinary wire is bad enough, but the result of a fall over the barbed abomination is horrible. I saw a six-season mare, as clever a hunter as ever looked through a bridle, literally cut to rags the other day. The strand ran loosely through the top of a thin hedge, and brought her down in a heap, breaking and lapping round her like a snake. Her rider only escaped a broken neck by a miracle, and the mare sustained such injuries that she had to be shot where she fell. This in one of the most fashionable and richest countries in England.

Personal influence does more than money in inducing farmers to remove or mark the wire which, it is truly said, is changing all the features of fox-hunting. The ladies can do an immense deal in this direction. These lines are written in the house of one of the keenest lady followers of the Pytchley, and she, by the exercise of tact and judicious management, has this hunting season persuaded one of her farming neighbours to take every inch of wire off land which for years has been closed to the hunt.



TRANSMITTER.

RECEIVER.

I have already described two new inventions for telegraphing pictures, and now comes a third. It is the invention of Robert d'Unger, a doctor, in Chicago, who has already invented a telephone. His new instrument relies on the Röntgen ray. The apparatus is very simple, and has been described as follows—

The first essential is two Crookes tubes of exactly equal density and resistance. One of these is destined for the sending end of the telephote and one for the receiving end. The one at the sending station is mounted in the usual manner with an induction coil and a battery, and is made to give off the Röntgen rays. Below it is placed the writing or photograph to be transmitted, laid out flat on a thin slab of vulcanite or other suitable material. Still further below that is the "variator." This "variator" is the most important part of the invention. It consists of two parallel rods, across and at right angles to which lie several metal strips. The rays going through the picture strike on the first of these two pencils and produce a mechanical impact. This jar is transmitted to the second rod by means of the metal cross-pieces. Then the shocks to this second rod, which is made of carbon, in turn vary its electrical resistance so as to produce a change in the current flowing through it to the other end of the wire. At the receiving end this fluctuating current is passed through the primary of an induction coil, while the other Crookes tube is attached to the secondary.

Given the variations of current in the main circuit from the sending end, the second induction coil transforms them into an alternating current, which will produce the usual action in the receiving Crookes tube. A relay may be put in the main circuit if necessary, but it is believed it will not be needed except in cases of telegraphing farther than from Chicago to New York. Under the receiving tube is placed a piece of sensitised paper, or a dry plate, such as photographers use and such as have been acted upon so universally by the X-rays. This is subjected to the direct action of the tube, and a short exposure will reproduce a shadow negative of the print or picture at the transmitting end. The theory on which the inventor thinks the telephote works is strictly analogous to that of the telephone. He figures that the Röntgen rays, in going through the picture at the sending station, are partly cut off by the material through which they pass, and hence produce a modified action upon the variator. These modifications are in turn sent over the line in the electric current just as the voice vibrations are transmitted in talking through a telephone. Then at the farther end these variations are changed back to the Röntgen rays, which act in an unequal manner on the sensitive plate, reproducing the original peculiarities of the picture sent, or rather, a shadow negative of them.

Miss Marie Lyons, who played the viperish female politician in Mr. J. P. Hurst's satirical comedy "Woman's World," produced recently at a Court matinée, is sister-in-law of Mr. Charles Cartwright. She appeared, I think, under Mr. Cartwright's management, at the Duke of York's Theatre, as the amorous old maid in Mr. Fergus Hume's unlucky piece "The Fool of the Family." Another of the interpreters of Mr. Hurst's satire, Miss Alice Beet, who gave such a telling performance of the hard-headed "City Woman," had a not dissimilar mannish rôle in "Behind the Scenes," a quite unnecessary modern version of "The First Night." Miss Beet and her husband, Mr. Frederick Volpe, who was the company promoter in Mr. Hurst's play, were included in Mr. Weedon Grossmith's company at the Vaudeville.

Clever Miss Lalor Shiel went almost straight from her success as *Jemima* in "Monte Carlo," at the Avenue, to play Beatrice, one of the Major's daughters, in Mr. William Greet's "Lady Slavey" company. At Christmas she will be seen as the Baroness in "Cinderella," at the new Brixton Theatre.

The somewhat strange and fanciful idea of celebrating the golden wedding of a happy pair who have long passed into another world attracted a large congregation to Marylebone Parish Church. In that church on Sept. 12, fifty years ago, Robert Browning was married, but the day chosen for the celebration was Saturday, Dec. 12, the seventh anniversary of his death. The sermon was preached by the Very

1846 Marriage solemnized at St. Paul's Church in the Parish of St. Marylebone in the County of Middlesex									
No.	When Married.	Name and Surname.	Age.	Condition.	Rank or Profession.	Residence at the Time of Marriage.	Father's Name and Residence.	Rank or Profession of Father.	Rank or Profession of Bride.
117	12th September 1846	Robert Browning	Op. Bachelor	Single	—	St. Paul's Church, St. Marylebone	Edw. Barrett	—	—
		Elizabeth Barrett	Full age	Spunster	—	St. Marylebone	Edw. Barrett	—	—
Married in the Parish Church according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Established Church, by Licence									
This Marriage was solemnized between us					In the Presence of us				
Robert Browning					Edw. Barrett				

FACSIMILE OF THE ENTRY OF THE BROWNING'S MARRIAGE.

Rev. Dean Farrar of Canterbury, and the service was read by Canon Barker and Canon Wilberforce. At the conclusion, Mendelssohn's Wedding March was played. The invitation-cards for the service were suitably adorned with a facsimile of the entry in the Parish Register and with portraits of Robert and Elizabeth Browning.

The persistency of the predecessors of the cycle in history never ceases to astonish me. No sooner is it announced that Sir Henry Irving is to reproduce "Richard III." than an old print is sent to me, dating back to the early years of the century—1814, I think—when Edmund Kean produced the tragedy at Drury Lane, as referred to elsewhere in this issue by my learned contributor "R. W. L."

Here in this whimsical old print we see not merely Shakspeare made to put such a terribly prosaic phrase into the mouth of Catesby as, "Here's a swift Hobby will convey you from the field as fast as your legs will permit you," but Richard himself calling, "A Hobby, a Hobby! my kingdom for a Hobby-Horse!" Here is, indeed, a "new reading" with a vengeance. How strange it is, too, that the whirligig of time has brought one feature of the jest round again, and that a *burlesque* Richard of to-day would almost, without doubt, be furnished with a "hobby" as it is understood now, while the tented field might well be strewn, as in this caricature, with broken cycles!

Of much later date, of course, is the print which anticipated Miss Katie Lawrence's celebrated song that told the story of the bicycle made for two. In 1858 a Dover manufacturer presented a velocipede to the Prince of Wales. Ten years later Mr. Fred Coyne sang a comic song called "The Velocipede," which he dedicated to the Prince. The ditty was written by Frank W. Green, composed by Alfred Lee, and sung by Coyne "with bursts of applause." On the title-page of the music there appeared a highly coloured picture of the singer on the wheel, this being surrounded by four smaller pictures, among which was the one I reproduce, entitled, "Young England just Married." Apropos of this vision, Mr. Coyne sang—

Young England on velocipedes you'll see in all directions,
He'll ride into the ladies' hearts and win their young affections.
He'll beat his rival into fits, and when the day he's carried,
He'll bring his bride from church on a velocipede when married.

That is a long time ago, and yet Miss Lawrence carolled in the same strain with an air of prophecy. And although Mr. Coyne declared that—

The hansom and the four-wheeled cab no longer will be hired;
The omnibuses and the rail no more will be required,

some thirty years have vanished, but the hansom is still with us; and now the prophets are prophesying its end in the triumphant motor-car.

The excellence of the smoking concerts at the St. George's Club was exemplified by the large attendance Tuesday evening last week, when Mr. Wilhelm Ganz provided a programme which included the artistic playing of hand-bells by Mr. Harry Tipper; a "theatrical argument," humorously sketched by Mr. Mercer Adam, among other excerpts from his ecipious repertory, and pianoforte solos by Miss Elise Jordan; while Mr. Charles Ganz, Miss Belle Clancy, and Miss Pauline Jordan contributed to an entertainment which well maintained the traditions of the Hanover Square concerts of a past decade. I understand that the Club is going very strong under the able superintendence of Mr. R. Earle Welby, the popular secretary. Lieutenant-General Moncrieff made a capital chairman.

Miss Gillian Debenham is eager to sustain the traditions of *Judy*, which I always think it is so appropriate that a woman should edit, and in my contributor, Mr. R. A. Brownlie, whose silhouette of Sarah appeared in these pages last week, she has an excellent artistic colleague. Probably it is the influence of the latter that has made the *Judy Annual* abandon photographs, and give sketches of the "fifty-five famous folk" dealt with. The annual forms a thick shilling's-worth.

The author of "Among Pagodas and Fair Ladies" writes me that she is not Miss Gascoigne, but Mrs. Trench Gascoigne.

It has always seemed to me that suicide was already made a great deal too easy, and that the extraordinary fashions in which those tired of this world choose to quit it show that they possess either an inordinate excess of imagination or a strange lack of it. Now, however, a man who wishes to perform the happy despatch has only to set sail for America, where an ingenious individual has invented a way in which not only the suicide, but also burial following on the act, can be accomplished simultaneously and automatically. The only thing that can be urged against the *modus operandi* is that it is somewhat elaborate, for the victim is to have no chance of escape; he will, on pressing an electric button, be electrocuted, and at the same moment, by a clever mechanical arrangement, a cartload of earth, mixed with quicklime, will be precipitated upon him.



YOUNG ENGLAND JUST MARRIED, AS PICTURED
THIRTY YEARS AGO.



RICHARD III. ON BOSWORTH FIELD—"A HOBBY! A HOBBY! MY KINGDOM FOR A HOBBY-HORSE!"

As the expansion of England has been a remarkable note in the Queen's reign, and as the postage-stamp is one of the most striking illustrations of that, a capital idea has been started—to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of her Majesty's accession by a philatelic exhibition, to be held at the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours in July. Such a show is all the more appropriate in view of the fact that stamp-collectors



MISS OLIVE STETTITH AS CORA IN "ARTICLE 47."

Photo by Lambert Weston and Son, Folkestone.

number among their ranks many members of the royal family, including the Duke of Coburg and the Duke of York. These and the Postmaster-General are arranging the exhibition, and the leading collectors in the British Colonies are being pressed to contribute some of their choicest treasures. Those who have eyes to see and hearts to understand will certainly learn a historical object-lesson when visiting the exhibition. As for the stamp-collectors, great and small, they will indeed rejoice, for gold, silver, and bronze medals will be awarded in each class. A chance of gaining some of these awards will even be given to exhibitors under the age of sixteen years, while the very wise rule has been made that not more than two prizes may be taken by any one exhibitor. Apropos of the exhibition, those who are entering on the fascinating pursuit will be interested in Mr. T. H. Hinton's modest little volume, "Hints on Stamp-Collecting," and Mr. Oliver Firth's more ambitious "Postage Stamps and their Collectors" (Upcott Gill), both of which have just appeared. The latter is admirably illustrated, and, in view of the forthcoming exhibition, comes in the nick of time.

Speaking of the Duke of Coburg, I am reminded of the curious career of Miss Olive Stettith, who is well known at his Court. Though she confines herself to Germany, she began her stage-training with Sir Henry Irving, walking on as a witch in the Brocken scene in "Faust," and similar parts. During the Bernhardt season at the Lyceum, "la divine Sarah" specially singled Miss Stettith out for notice and approval; but, like so many others, the young actress found that she was not making very much way, and, after touring in the provinces with a Shaksperian company, she determined to try her luck in Germany, for she had spent part of her early girlhood near Stuttgart. Accordingly, she applied for and obtained the leading part in "The Dark Secret," then about to be produced by Mr. John Douglas in Vienna, and, though the Austrians are said to be the most critical playgoers in the world, the English actress soon won her way into their hearts. She has met with the greatest success and kindness not only in Vienna, but all over Germany, and for some time was engaged in the Ducal Theatre of Saxe-Weimar to take the leading parts. The rôle in which she has met with the greatest success is Grillparger's "Medea." The Grand Duke was much delighted with her exposition of this part, and certainly it must inspire an actress to play in the historical theatre once consecrated by the presence of Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, and Lessing. This coming spring Miss Stettith will

return to Germany, in order to play at Saxe-Coburg. At the special request of the Duke, she will take the parts of Niobe and Helena in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Miss Stettith has been much struck by the devotion of the German playgoer to Shakspeare; indeed, she believes that an English company, simply relying on the divine William, would have a very good chance in Germany, for the text of each play is so well known to the average German that an audience can easily follow every word without knowing the language in which it is spoken. Although Miss Stettith not long ago married an Austrian officer, she has remained a thorough Englishwoman, and hopes ere long to make her appearance on the boards of some London theatre, where her foreign experiences should stand her in good stead.

It is gratifying to learn that the kindly feeling which prompted the members of the theatrical profession to raise a substantial subscription some months ago, for the purpose of sending that old Gaiety favourite Miss Kate Vaughan on a health-recruiting trip round the world, is having the beneficial results so generally desired. There is little doubt that, but for this kindly assistance, Miss Vaughan, in the parlous state she then was, could hardly have survived residence in England. A long sea-voyage, with change of scene and climate, was urgently necessary to remedy the regrettable illness which had laid her low and kept her welcome personality from the public gaze. By means of the liberal subscription raised by her fellow and sympathising professionals, she has been able to enjoy these benefits to the full. She selected the longest sea-going route to Australia, with the result that, during a period of some fifty days on the ocean, her health soon took a turn for the better, and when she landed at Sydney she was not only sounder in frame, but in the best of spirits. She stayed three weeks in the city of the beautiful harbour in the best time of the year, and took considerable interest in the theatrical performances then being given. Those of Mrs. Potter and Mr. Kyrle Bellew were a source of particular delight to her, the former's rendering of Camille provoking from Miss Vaughan a high tribute of admiration, as being among the best of many she had seen. From Sydney, Miss Vaughan, accompanied by her attentive English nurse, proceeded to the much-frequented Blue Mountains in New South Wales, the breezy, eucalyptus-laden air of which seldom fails to bring renewed health and vigour to the mind and body. The picturesque scenery alone of these mountains, eternally wrapt in a bluish haze, is sufficient to strengthen overwrought brains and enfeebled constitutions.



MISS KATE VAUGHAN AND HER NURSE IN AUSTRALIA.

Photo by H. Walter Barnett, Falk Studios, Sydney.

There are few places in the world where such wonderful mountain waterfalls can be seen. Rivers flow along the flat surface at a tremendous height, and then suddenly topple over a precipice into indefinite space, the water often being blown to imperceptible spray before it touches bottom. Miss Vaughan spent several weeks in the rarefied atmosphere of these Australian heights, and then started from Sydney on her homeward journey, *via* Rio Janeiro (the longest sea-route), almost convalescent.

Apropos of the tercentenary of the potato and the glorification of Raleigh, it is interesting to note that there has lately been erected a memorial on the site of old Fort Raleigh, in Roanoke Island, to commemorate the first English settlement in America. It bears the following inscription—

On this site, in August 1583, the colonists sent from England by Sir Walter Raleigh built the fort called New Fort, in Virginia.

It was there, two years later, that Virginia Dare, the first child of English parents born in America, was baptised, her father, as we know, having given his name to Dare County. Herewith I give Raleigh's Irish home, Myrtle Grove.

Referring to the Stevenson Memorial demonstration in Edinburgh the other day, a peculiar interest attaches to an account lately given of Molokai, rendered famous by Stevenson's magnificent defence of Damien. It is not strange that the leper-island possessed a special fascination for the great novelist, for there is no place in the world which carries with its very name more suggestions of pathos and heroism, of hope and of despair, than the "land of precipices." Father Damien's work continues to bear fruit. His place is now taken by a certain Father Drake; and four American nuns, of whom only one has as yet been struck by the disease, are also devoting their lives to the lepers. He who visits Molokai, even as a simple visitor, will hear many curious stories as he makes his way through the little island. Quite lately, a Hawaiian girl discovered soon after her marriage that her husband had developed symptoms of leprosy. When her knowledge became shared by others, he was banished to Molokai. Without any hesitation, his bride followed him, and this is not the only case in which wives, mothers, and even children, have preferred to accompany the plague-stricken to the island from which there is no return. Quite lately, a well-known



SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S HOUSE, MYRTLE GROVE.

American clergyman, Dr. Philip Anderson, during a short visit to the island, preached to the lepers; he was, with the exception of Father Damien and his successor, the first white man who had ever been heard in the pulpit at Molokai.

When Amélie Rives' morbid heroine was haunted by the presence of her dead husband, her imagination constantly pictured him lying, as she had last seen him, in his coffin, clothed in his dress-clothes, and to British readers that last touch certainly added something exceptionally gruesome to the passage. No American whose friends respect themselves ever goes to his long rest in an old-fashioned shroud. On the contrary, every care is taken over each last toilet, and one New York dressmaker makes a speciality of "burial wrappers," employing one of the cleverest women-designers for the sole purpose of thinking out suitable garments for her uncanny customers. This little lady, who finds, it is said, her occupation far more profitable than that of designing clothes for the living, studies the appearance of her "subjects," much as does a milliner that of her clients. Surely this repulsive custom is a relic of barbarism! Not so very long ago, in certain French provincial towns, a girl who died just when she was engaged, or shortly after her marriage, was dressed up in her wedding-gown, and held a kind of weird reception, being propped up in a high chair, with her cheeks rouged, the bridal veil thrown over her head, while her hands rested on a prayer-book. But already this strange survival of mediæval days has come to an end.

Why are the clergy so often chosen as the heroes of nonsense rhymes? An ingenious rhymester has just selected an incident in the career of a curate of Kidderminster for his efforts in this direction—

There was a young curate at Kidderminster,
And gently but firmly he chid a spinster
Because on the ice
She used words that weren't nice.
When he quite accidentally slid ag'inst her.

THE GENTLE ART OF CHRISTMAS VERSE.

The inhabitants of Helicon, who calmly have been telling a magazine man how Christmas-card "poetry" is made, are guiltless of humour. Not for a long time have I read anything so grotesquely Gilbertian in real life—

Oh, who would be the luckless bard,
The laureate of Christmas card,
Of cake and ginger-wine?
He dreams of frost and ice, and clown
(Long ere the mercury goes down),
At so much pence the line.

I see the melancholy coon
A-sitting down in sunny June
To picture Santa Claus.
The sun ablaze, he sees the snow,
Around him buds the mistletoe,
In spite of Nature's laws.

The lark may sing at heaven's gates—
He only hears the starving waits
Who sing from door to door
And '97 will scarce begin
Than this strange poet-mannikin
'To '98 will soar.

When other men are tossing hay,
He's puzzling what he's got to say
Of "merry Christmastide."
In fact, my hapless poet seems
A solid fact wrapt round in dreams—
A Jekyll and a Hyde.

Of neither place nor hour he reck—
The vision of his Christmas cheques
All sense of time destroys.
The hawthorn blooms in vain. He sees
One vast expanse of Christmas-trees,
With candles, sweets, and toys.

I often picture him perplex
To find a fitting winter text
In sultry harvest-time!
As out amid the golden wheat
He tries to put upon its feet
His wobbly Christmas rhyme.

He finds it very hard to tell
The dinner from the Christmas bell
That "peals goodwill for men."
Ah me! it must be very hard
To be a busy Christmas bard
From four o'clock to ten.

THE "TZIGANE," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

The reception accorded to the "Tzigane" ballet was cordial and well deserved, for the Alhambra management has given its patrons a really bright dramatic piece, with plenty of dancing, and charming music from the veteran Jacobi's tireless pen. In two tableaux, taking altogether forty minutes, we have a story of love, seduction, and revenge, see the Czardas danced by girls who are apparently grandchildren of the *corps de ballet* of five years ago, and hear melodies that show their talented composer in a new light. The rhythm of the Hungarian national dances has inspired him, and the prelude, with much "linked sweetness long drawn out" for the violins, will please everybody. The triumph of the first performance fell to Miss Casaboni, a young dancer of much charm and many accomplishments. She played the principal's part, made vacant two days before production by an accident to Signorina Campana, and by her skill and pluck captivated one and all. Julie Seale, who took her pantomime too quickly, was as spirited as ever, while Fred Storey, the villain of the ballet, dressed in a style reminding me of the Cave Gipsies of Granada, will do better when the piece has run for a week or so. He suffered from the first-night tendency to over-act.

Although Signorina Campana was not able to appear, the intention of Signor Coppi to give his *première* a leading dramatic rôle cannot be overpraised, for it will do much to restore to the *première danseuse* a position that has been unfairly taken away. Time was when she reigned supreme over ballet, when her difficult and varying steps were appreciated and understood. To-day she is introduced for an occasional solo in the *divertissement*, and, so long as there are good looks, talent goes for nothing. Yet the average *première* can give her sister skirt-dancer a long start and an easy beating, as all who recollect Legmani's skirt-dance in "Don Juan" must acknowledge.

"The Tzigane" is well if not elaborately dressed, and, though the colour scheme is a trifle crude at times, the general effect is exhilarating. All the movements are taken quickly—so quickly, indeed, that a certain amount of dramatic significance is lost; but this is the rule of the house, and is, doubtless, well considered. The present production gives evidence of an expenditure of time, trouble, and money that has not been noticeable in the last four or five small ballets at the house, and the public will be quick to respond to the increased effort. At present the management is giving a really excellent entertainment from start to finish, one that pleasure-seekers cannot afford to miss.

When one considers that a new entrance and a Sullivan ballet are on the tapis, the prospects of the Alhambra look very rosy indeed.—S. L. B.

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WAITING FOR SANTA CLAUS.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY BOURNE AND SHEPHERD, CALCUTTA.

"BLACK-EYED SUSAN."

All the theatrical world knows that to-night will be produced at the Adelphi Theatre that historic nautical play which was introduced at the Surrey Theatre in January 1829, and which brought to that bankrupt actor-manager Elliston fortune, to that breezy actor T. P. Cooke a new and complete success, and to its author, Douglas Jerrold, the fame which his earlier efforts had denied him, though, unlike the luckier dramatic authors of to-day, his play brought him little in the way of fortune.

How those idols of the "gods" of Adelphi, Mr. W. Terriss and Miss Jessie Millward, will fill the parts created by T. P. Cooke and Miss Scott, and whether the play so enormously successful on the other side of the water, and, later, at Covent Garden and Drury Lane, will repeat its successes at a still more Western theatre, time will show; but that the staging and dressing of the fine old play will give it every opportunity of doing so, those familiar with the liberal management of the Adelphi will entertain no doubt. As to the extraordinary success to which I have referred that attended the birth of "Black-Eyed Susan," it may be interesting to recall what the late Hepworth Dixon wrote at the time of the death of its gifted author—

All London went over the water, and Cooke became a personage in society, as Garrick had been in the days of Goodman's Fields. Covent Garden borrowed the play, and engaged the actor, for an after-piece. A hackney cab carried the triumphant William, in his blue jacket and white trousers, from the Obelisk to Bow Street, and Mayfair maidens wept over the stirring situations and laughed over the searching dialogue which had moved, an hour before, the laughter and tears of the Borough. On the three hundredth night of representation the walls of the theatre were illuminated, and vast multitudes filled the thoroughfare. When, subsequently, produced at Drury Lane, it kept off ruin for a time even from magnificent misfortune. Actors and managers for a time reaped a golden harvest. Testimonials were got up for Elliston and Cooke on the glory of its

With regard to Cooke's salary, I notice that Mr. Clement Scott, in his "Drama of the Day," speaks of fifteen pounds a-week, but Mr. Barton Baker says that he was "engaged for William at the then enormous salary of sixty pounds a-week," and this statement appears to tally with Hepworth Dixon's recollection of the amount. It was Douglas Jerrold's quarrel with Davidge, the manager of the Coburg Theatre, which led to his offering his play to Elliston, for he had previously been writing plays for Davidge for a salary of five pounds a-week. Elliston, I believe, paid off every debt he had out of the proceeds of "Black-Eyed Susan." The Surrey Theatre, at which the drama to be played to-night at the Adelphi was produced, was not the original



MISS SCOTT as BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

MR. T.P. COOKE as WILLIAM

Published by DEER STREET & CO., 108, Abchurch Lane, E.C.

SURREY THEATRE.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. ELLISTON.

First Night of Mr. T. P. COOKE,
IN AN ENTIRELY NEW NAUTICAL PIECE.

WHIT-MONDAY, June 8th, 1829, and DURING the WEEK.

Will be presented (NEVER ACTED) an entirely new NAUTICAL AND DOMESTIC DRAMA, (by the Author of *Samuel's Moore's Career*, *Andrews' Admirals*, *Law and Love*, and *John Terry*), founded on the popular Naval Drama, and entitled

BLACK-EYED SUSAN!

Or, "ALL IN THE DOWNS!"

It will perhaps be necessary to state, that this Piece has been for some Weeks in preparation, and that its success was taken advantage of by another establishment, which, in pirating the title of "Black-Eyed Susan," has committed a contemptible and unprincipled infringement on the Private Property.

The OVERTURE and the whole of the MUSIC selected from DIDDIN'S SONGS.

The Drama adapted and arranged by Mr. MASHALL. The Machinery by Mr. T. MASHALL. The Properties, Naval Trophies, and Decorations, by Mr. E. SHADWELL, assisted by Mrs. FINELOVE. The Dresses, (the Costumes of which are correctly copied from authority, by Mr. and Mrs. SHADWELL, and the Music FINELOVE. And the Stage-Decorations produced under the direction of Mr. GOSLOUSTON.

CHARACTERS.

Captain Crossbones, Mr. FORESTER. Baker, Mr. WARDLEY. Hatches, Mr. YARDLEY. Dogger, Mr. DIDDIN. PITT. Admiral, Mr. GULLIV. Jacob Twigg, Mr. ROGERS. Gunboats, Mr. BUCKSTON. (his First Appearance at the Theatre) William, (with an introduced Song) Mr. T. P. COOKE. (This First Appearance at the Theatre they Ten Years—also is engaged for a limited period.) Miss Peter, (with the original Song) Mr. WILLIAMS. Sonnet, Mr. ASHLEY. Quilt, Mr. LEE. Lieutenant Pike, Mr. HICK. Yarn, (a Smuggler) Mr. DOWLING. Ponghara, (a Native) Mr. WEBB. Smelter-Master, Bonaparte, Grammer, Broadfoot Smith, Gunner, Mr. WILK. Harsh, Phillips, &c. MISSUSPHER. Master EDGAR WEBSTER. Miss PERRY, and Miss RAYNER. Black-Eyed Susan, Miss SCOTT. Daily Mayflower, Mrs. VALL. Girls—Miss Jones, Emma, Yarn, Horton, Oldfield, Kemble, &c.

VIEW NEAR DEAL. THE TOWN OF DEAL. BLACK-EYED SUSAN'S COTTAGE.
COUNTRY NEAR DEAL. SMUGGLERS' CAVE.—Attack by the Revenue Officers and Crew of the Redoubt.
VIEW OF THE DOWNS.—All in the Downs the First was made!
Landing of William on the shores of the Downs—Captains of Government and Hatches, 35 Pike, &c.
VIEW NEAR DEAL. DOUBLE HORNPIPE. by Mr. T. P. COOKE and Miss BARNETT.
Important conduct of Captain Crossbones—Hatches of William.
THE STATE CABIN.—NAVAL COURT MARTIAL AND TRIAL OF WILLIAM.
For the attack on his Captain—condemnation of the Prisoner.
Officers attending the COURT MARTIAL.—Capt. Crossbones, Mr. ASHLEY, Captain CLIVE, Mr. Henry, Captain Bayter, Mr. Martin, Capt. Hawk, Mr. Jones, Capt. Masly, Mr. Johnson, Capt. Lawrence, Mr. Brooks, Capt. Bayter, Mr. Clarke, Capt. Wilson, Mr. Charles, Capt. Galsby, Mr. Thompson, Capt. Waverly, Mr. Peters, Capt. Armstrong, Mr. Alfred, Master at Arms, Mr. Price.
THE GUN-ROOM.—William's Request to his shipmate—William and Pike of Dogger.
THE COCKPIT.—Parting of William and Susan—Preparations for the Execution. **VIEW OF THE FORTCASTLE.** with the SCAFFOLD, RIGGED OUT BETWEEN THE CAT-HEAD AND THE FORE RIGGING.
FUNERAL PROCESSION ALONG THE GANGWAY.
Appearance and narration of Captain Crossbones, and Deceased.

After which (Not acted these Three Years) the laughable Interlude, (by the Author of *John Terry*, &c.) entitled

THE SMOK'D MISER.

Seven, (the Myster) Mr. WILLIAM. (his First Appearance in that Character) Nail, Mr. MCKIN. During, Mr. ROGERS. Old Bartholomew, Mr. YARDLEY. Shook up, Mr. VALL, who will introduce *The Good Old Days of Adam & Eve*, half price, Mrs. VALL.

The whole to conclude with the Musical Melo-Drama, (written by E. FITZGERALD, Esq., Author of *The Looker Bill*, *Devil's Elbow*, &c.) which has also been in preparation for some time, with new and extensive Machinery, &c. entitled

THE PILOT.

Produced under immediate Superintendence of Mr. T. P. COOKE.

Captain Howard, Mr. GULLIV. Captain Bonaparte, (a regular London) Mr. VALL. Henry, Mr. RICKS. The Captain of the American Frigate, Albany, Mr. WARDLEY. Captain Mangum, Mr. ALMAE. Sergeant Drill, Mr. ASHLEY. Corporal Farn, Mr. LEE. The Pilot, Mr. DIDDIN. PITT. Lieut. Bonaparte, Mr. FORESTER. Lieut. Griffith, Mr. BENSON. Long Tom Cobb, the Coxswain, - - - - - Mr. T. P. COOKE. Major Boy, Miss ELLIS. Captain, Lieutenant, &c. Messrs. Dogger, Price, Williamson, Smith, Bonaparte, Grammer, Webb, &c. Also WILLIAM. Corina, Miss HOBLEY. Irish Women, Miss HORTON.

ORDER OF THE PRINCIPAL SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

THE FORE AND AFT VIEW OF THE SLOOPER, ARIEL.
at the point of time she is approaching to claw a Lee-Ship, to a
TREMENDOUS STORM!
THE CABIN OF A BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR, WITH LONG TOM'S HORNPIPE.
Cross-Lord of Colonel Howard's House, adjoining the Sea, with the Revenue of the British Officers, through the sea and integrity of Two
MOONLIGHT VIEW OF THE SEA OFF THE COAST OF AMERICA.
Desperate Combat between Long Tom & the American Sergeant!
The Last scene will represent
THE QUARTER DECK OF THE AMERICAN FRIGATE, ALACRITY.
With the preparations for the Battle of Lieutenant Bonaparte, which Long Tom delays with the British Sloop, Ariel, now her Bonaparte attempt
A GENERAL COMBAT AND FINAL TRIUMPH OF THE BRITISH FLAG.

Patrons, Friends, and Private Boxes for the Evening, to be had of Mr. CARRBY, of the Box Office of the Theatre, from Eleven o'Clock, until Four o'Clock. Boxes may also be engaged at the Royal Library, St. James's Palace.
Doors open at 7 1/2 o'Clock. U.S. 1s. Performance commences at Eleven o'Clock. Half-price, at half-price, at half-price.
Children under 10, Half-price.

Surrey; that was burned down on Aug. 12, 1805. Neither was it the Surrey of to-day, which was built in 1865. The house that gave the world the first glimpse of Jerrold's famous play was the second Surrey, opened on Easter Monday, 1806, and, like its predecessor, destroyed by fire, on Jan. 30, 1865. It was that house of which Tom Dibdin was lessee from 1816 to 1822, and left it a loser of £18,000.

The late Lord William Pitt Lennox tells an interesting story of his introduction when a lad to T. P. Cooke at the Theatre Royal, Dublin. Lord William's father, the Duke of Richmond, then Viceroy of Ireland, had taken him and his brother to see "The Death of Captain Cook," followed by a harlequinade entitled "Clown's Metamorphosis," in which the versatile actor played Clown, Old Man, Lover, and Columbine. The Duke and his sons afterwards went behind the scenes and met Cooke. The Duke congratulated him on a performance worthy of Grimaldi, and Cooke bowed his acknowledgments. "Pray," asked the Viceroy, "is Mr. Cooke, who worked so well and acted Roderick Vich Alpine, in 'The Lady of the Lake,' the other night, with such grace and spirit, any relation of yours?" "A very near and dear one," replied the actor; "he stands before you, for 'Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu.'" The Viceroy cordially shook hands with the actor, saying he had never witnessed so complete a transformation. The accompanying reproductions present Cooke and Miss Scott as William and Susan, in the penny-plain-and-twopence-coloured style now long since a thing of the past in theatrical illustration, and show the original bill of the play on the first night of its production.

Playgoers of the present generation will doubtless remember Wills's adaptation of "Black-Eyed Susan," produced at the St. James's Theatre by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, under the title of "William and Susan," on Oct. 9, 1880. In spite of a lavish management and a most talented leading lady, the play can hardly claim to have been a success, perhaps because, as an ancient pittance said to me, "It was at the wrong 'ouse, sir; the wrong 'ouse." May better luck attend the forthcoming venture of the Messrs. Gatti.

W. C. F.

THE MATINÉE-HAT.

To the young lady who removed her hat by request at the Court Theatre on the afternoon of Dec. 12, and thus enabled the gentleman behind her to see Miss May Yohe.

The stage and footlights seemed as ships
That pass you in the night;
I seemed a planet in eclipse,
For me no sun, no light.

I spoke a word, nor harsh nor loud,
The night became as day,
I saw behind the winter cloud
The promises of "May."

success, but Jerrold's share of the gain was slight—about seventy pounds of the many thousands it realised for the management. With unapproachable meanness, Elliston abstained from presenting the youthful writer with the value of a toothpick. When the drama had run three hundred nights, he said to Jerrold, with amusing coolness, "My dear boy, why don't you get your friends to present you with a bit of plate?" For the four hundred nights "Black-Eyed Susan" was played at different theatres during the first year, Jerrold received about the sum that Cooke was paid for six nights at Covent Garden.



GILBERT JAMES 1906

HEART'S DESIRE.

*A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness.
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow !—FITZGERALD'S "OMAR KHAYYAM."*

"RICHARD III."

"Shikspur!" says one of the characters in that long-suffering and much-gagged farce "High Life below Stairs," "Shikspur! Who wrote 'im?" And the answer is made, "Why, Colley Cibber, to be sure." Which words describe, with some approach to accuracy, the relation of the two dramatists, Shakspeare and Cibber, to the play of "Richard III." At least, they did so until a few years ago, when Sir Henry Irving's revival of Shakspeare's text was such a conspicuous success as to lead us to hope that we had seen the last of the worthy Colley's travesty. Yet Colley was no worse than his neighbours in the trade of adaptation, and his play was at least a good acting piece, with one or two magnificent claptraps in it, which were so effective, theatrically, that the traditions of some of the most famous Richards are inseparably bound up with Cibber's lines rather than Shakspeare's. So far as we know, Shakspeare's play was not produced during the Restoration period. We are told that Betterton, the leading actor of the time, was famous in the character of Richard III.; but, in all probability, this was in a tragedy called "The English Princess; or, The Death of Richard III.," by one Caryl. In 1700 Cibber's adaptation was produced, in which Colley himself played the chief character. I have seen it stated more than once that he founded his rendering of the part on that of Sandford, the famous Villain of the time; but this is wrong. Cibber does not say that he copied Sandford's acting of this character, but that he played it as he fancied Sandford would have played it. Of Cibber's Richard we have conflicting accounts. Colley, naturally enough, writes of it with great complacency; but an unfriendly critic, in a pamphlet called "The Laureat," declares it to have been grotesque in the extreme, and says that when, in the last scene, Colley, in his superfine Sir Novelty Fashion style, screamed, "A harse! a harse! My kingdom for a harse!" the house roared with laughter. Probably the truth lies somewhere between the two accounts.

It was no slight compliment to the adaptation—though Colley, who did not love the new-comer, probably did not think so—that David Garrick, in his famous first appearance, chose Richard as his part. On that October night in 1741, when "a gentleman, who never appeared on any stage," at once bound leaped to the head of his profession, the audience at Goodman's Fields saw such a Richard as they had never dreamed of before. It was no playing; to them it seemed as if the Crookback himself had come to life. They were struck with amazement at the vividness of look and speech: the rage and rapidity with which he spoke—

The North! Why, what do they in the North,
When they should serve their Sovereign in the West?

the fierce exultation with which he gave Cibber's magnificent claptrap—

Off with his head! So much for Buckingham!

the horror with which he waked from his dream; and the drunkenness of fury with which he raged over Bosworth Field. Needless to say that Garrick at once made the character his own, and that, while he lived, there was no other Richard. His greatest rival, Spranger Barry, was

not successful in the part; Henry Mossop was, but his career was short; and other actors, such as William Smith, who played the Crookback, did so in respectful imitation of Garrick.

As may easily be imagined, the Kemble school of stately acting was not likely to furnish forth supremely successful Richards; and, though John Philip himself played powerfully and well, it was not till the advent of Edmund Kean that the stage again bore a perfect Richard. In saying this I am not unmindful of the great success won by Kemble's chief competitor, George Frederick Cooke, in the character. Cooke lacked refinement, and the success of Kean left him immeasurably behind. Kean excelled in depicting the devilish and sarcastic side of the character, and the exulting wickedness of the Crookback was probably never better delineated. His technical accomplishments stood him in good stead—his mastery of by-play, his grace of attitude, his expressiveness of look, and, above all, his skill of fencing. Without uttering a word, he gained peals of applause by his illustrative gesture and

look; and in the fight he roused the house to a frenzy of delight. At first he used to try to clutch hold of Richmond after he was disarmed, but he afterwards gave that up. The finest point in the fight must have been, I think, the feeble yet deadly intentioned passes which he made at his enemy with his swordless arm after he had received his death-blow.

It adds not a little to our belief in Macready's powers that his Richard was not considered unworthy to be mentioned in the same breath with Kean's. It is to his credit, too, that he endeavoured to revive Shakspeare's play instead of Cibber's, but the public did not take kindly to the innovation. Frankly, I am not surprised that an audience who had heard Kean's delivery of Cibber's "points" should be disinclined to lose the line—

Off with his head! So much for Buckingham!

and in the dream scene—

Conscience avaunt!
Richard's himself again!

Of Charles Kean's Richard there is not much to say:—it was an imitation, though a clever one, of his father's. But of Phelps there is this to record, that he made a real effort to produce the original play, his revival at Sadler's Wells on

Feb. 20, 1845, being announced as "from the text of Shakspeare." Mentioning, in passing, the robustious Richard of Gustavus Vaughan Brooke, and the gallant, if somewhat Hibernian, impersonation of the character by Barry Sullivan, we are brought down to a production which all of us remember, and are glad to see once more, that of Sir Henry Irving.

It only remains to mention that "Richard III." furnishes some of the best known of stage anecdotes. Such is the story of the nervous Catesby, who stuck hopelessly at the end of his first line in the tent scene, informing an infuriated tyrant and a hilarious audience—

'Tis I, my lord, the early village cock.

Another nervous actor made a curious transposition of words in the funeral scene, when instead of saying—

My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass,
he said—

My lord, stand back, and let the parson cough! H. W. L.



[From the Painting by James Northcote, R.A., 1790.]

TYRREL: The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

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THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



THE LADY OF THE DAWN.



THE BACCHANTE.



THE LEGEND OF THE DUMPIES

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

THIS is the tale of the Dumpies—
Queer little people are they,
Who dwell in the land of Low Mountains,
Afar in the country of Kay.



No one can tell where they came from;
But this is the tale that I hear;
Whatever abides with the Dumpies
Grows shorter and shorter each year.

The duck once had legs like the heron—
The pug like the greyhound was tall,
But they went in the spring to the Dumpies
And both of them waddled by fall.

The turtle was slim and majestic
And airy the blithe crocodile—
The gay hippopotamus sported
Care free on the banks of the Nile.



But it happened to them and to others
Who oft with the Dumpies were found—
Their bodies got broader and broader,
And nearer and nearer the ground.



Beware of the land of Low Mountains
Beware of the Dumpies, I pray,
Who dwell in those wonderful valleys
Afar in the country of Kay,
Or you may become, ere you know it,
As broad and unwieldy as they.





Mr Spectator

*I am a young
Woman with my Fortune to make
& I come to Church to hear Divine
Service & to make Conquests. But
one Hindrance is that our Clerk has
this CHRISTMAS so deckt the
Church with Greens that I have
scarce seen the Parson I dress at
these three weeks. The Pulpit has such
clusters of Holly that a light Fellow
said that the Congregation heard
the Word out of a Bush like Moses.
Sir Anthony Love's Pew is so well
hedged that I am obliged to shoot
at random among the Boughs.
Mr Spectator unless you'll give
Orders for removing these Greens
I shall have little else to do but say my
prayers.
Yr ob^t Servant Jenny Simper*









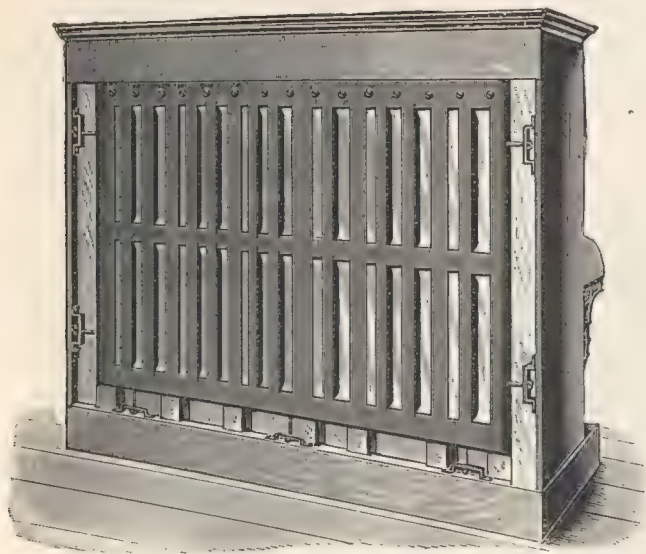
PUNCHINELLO.

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"NEW LAMPS FOR OLD."

It was a delightful surprise. For months I had been kept away from the house by that shocking pianoforte—which was all *piano* and no *forte*. The dinners were always excellent—indeed, I know no English house where one can be so sure of well-cooked, daintily arranged dishes. Moreover, the guests generally were interesting, and the host and hostess are charming; but the piano! It was the skeleton at the feast, and



EXPOSED BACK VIEW OF A PIANO FITTED WITH THE RESONATOR.

during each mouthful I used to feel that I was one moment closer to the time when she would say, "Now, Mr. X., do you mind giving us a little music?" How gladly would I have given her money instead!

One cannot always be wise and stay away, and my time came. A delightful dinner! An excellent cigar had vanished into smoke, coffee and old brandy were but a memory, and the horrible reality was, "Mr. X., would you mind giving us a little music?"

I walked to the instrument and put my fingers on it, meaning to play a few casual chords while pulling myself together for the fight. Surprise, joy!—there came forth a full, rich tone. I looked at the instrument carefully; undoubtedly it was my old enemy. I played a few more chords, dreading some trap; but all was well, and then I launched boldly into a Chopin ballade which sounded splendid on the re-born instrument. As soon as it was over I hastened to my hostess.

"My dear Madam," I said, "some wizard has bewitched your piano. It used to be an instrument of torture; it has become a contrivance of pleasure."

She laughed a merry, bell-like laugh, which showed her splendid white teeth, and caused a comical wrinkle that half closed her eyes.

"You see," she replied, "a little while ago we had a professional pianist to dinner. After dinner I did *not* ask him to play, for reasons obvious to the mind of people of any delicacy of feeling, so the dear man volunteered. I had no misgivings, you know, for I am tone-deaf. Nor had he. After he had played half-a-dozen chords, he began to say things in Russian that caused me to think it must be a very rough language. Then he got up, and said to me, making before he spoke a prodigious sarcastic bow, 'Madame, I can play a little on the pianoforte, but not at all on an asthmatic Jew's-harp.'

"So we played solo-whist instead, and he won a good deal. Next day I sent the piano to its maker for a spring-cleaning. He suggested new wires, new hammers, new felt, and a new sounding-board. Why he forgot to say new case and new keys, I hardly understand.

"I assented. When he said the instrument was finished, I took a musical young friend of mine to listen to it. He said simply that it had 'no class'—which, I believe, is a slang phrase—that it had sound and some sweetness, but no tone, which is what my doctor says of me at the beginning of every August. The maker, a gentleman somewhat florid in phrases, admitted the truth of this impeachment.

"'Madame,' he remarked, 'we have renovated the body, but the soul has gone. There is only one thing we can do.'

"'And what's that?' I asked.

"'Well,' he replied, 'we must send it to Bond Street, to have one of the Daniel Mayer patent resonators attached to it.'

"'What on earth is that?'

"'A wonderfully ingenious arrangement of resonant tubes of manganese steel, that will be fastened to the sound-board by silk strings and attached underneath by adjustable clips. The result, our experience tells us, will be that this instrument, which is about thirty years old, will have at least as fine a quality as on the day of its birth.'

"Of course, I did not believe the man at all; but I determined to risk a few pounds more, and—and you know the result."

The result was that I really gave her guests an overdose of pianoforte music, and on the morrow hastened to New Bond Street, to see what I imagined would more happily be called a "renovator" than a "resonator." However, I was wrong, for not only is the apparatus able to restore old pianos to "par," but it vastly improves the tone of

new instruments. My experiment showed that it largely increased the volume of sound—a blessing rather doubtful in some cases—and also eradicates harshness and impurities of tone, and gives roundness and fulness in their place, while it renders what one may call *chiaroscuro* in piano-playing extraordinarily easy. Mr. Mayer I have the privilege of knowing, through meeting him at concerts in the beautiful Salle Erard: I asked him his explanation of the curious phenomenon for which, as inventor, he is responsible.

"Oh, it is perfectly simple," he answered, "at least in some aspects. You know, the wood in pianos, owing to constant vibrations of the fibres, undergoes a molecular change, which renders the most perfectly chosen timber, after a while, dull, irresponsible, and irresponsible. I need hardly tell you that the rays of sound which we hear coming from the sounding-board pass outwards. Now the object of the invention is to catch them in these tubes of exquisitely sensible vibratory metal, in which the waves of sound, obedient to an obvious law, turn round and round, growing fuller and softer at each revolution till they make their exit, and their application to the human ear, wonderfully chastened and enriched. It is a very simple affair, with nothing in it that can get out of order, and it has astounding results. Of course, you know the remarkable effect of a tubular system in sound. The whispering-gallery of St. Paul's is, in truth, but a tubular arrangement operating in a fashion that may be understood by analogy with the curious telegraphic transmission without wires of the Marconi system. Another instance I might mention is the post-horn and its extraordinary effect in reinforcing circular waves of sound. Perhaps a happier illustration is the phonograph. Take the ordinary instrument, and you have to shove things in your ears in order to be able to hear—indistinctly. Add to the receiver a manganese steel tube, and you can hear easily at a distance."

"All that is very pretty, Mr. Mayer, and very scientific, and I do not understand a bit of it; but just answer me one question. Do the real pianists consider it an improvement?"

"Well," he answered, with a smile, "during the last season more Erards fitted with a resonator have been used at concerts than instruments of any other makers. Moreover, Paderewski insists upon a resonator for his coming season; which is not surprising, seeing that he writes to say 'that it makes the tone of the piano richer, fuller, and adds greatly to its singing quality'; and I might mention to you names of a dozen other pianists who delight in it, but, you see, they have already made public their enthusiastic opinions. To limit myself to half-a-dozen, what do you say to Clotilde Kleeberg, Mark Hambourg, Frederick Dawson, Chaminade, and Kuhe, and—?"

"You have reached the half-dozen," I cried.

"Well, may I not mention Patti, Ben Davies, Ada Crossley, and Francis Thomé? I could give you a picture of a piano we have lately made for the Duchess of York as a birthday present—it is fitted with a resonator. By-the-by, I should like you to see what we are doing for the million. Would you mind trying the piano over there? I think you will admit the improvement."

It was a well-built upright, admirable in quality, powerful and sweet.

"Well," said I, "what has the million got to do with it?"

"That's an English-made upright, fitted with a resonator manufactured for us in London under a contract which enables us



A MAGNIFICENT PIANO.

to sell it at thirty pounds to the public—through the dealers, of course. Orders are coming in at a prodigious pace, for nothing like it at the price has ever before been on the market."

"Then the resonator is not expensive?"

"It was at first, but, now we have got complete manufacturing plant, we can fix it at from five pounds for an upright and ten pounds for a grand piano."

Which is wonderfully little seeing the result.

THE LATEST IMMORTAL—ANATOLE FRANCE.

To-morrow will be a great day in the French Academy, for M. Anatole France will be introduced to his fellows of the famous Forty. The honour is not premature, for, not only as novelist—his "Thaïs" was hailed as one of the half-dozen finest pieces of work turned out by the younger generation—but also as poet, philosopher, and thinker, he stands high in the estimation of his countrymen.

Like several other of his fellow Academicians, M. France has legally acquired the name which he first adopted only as a pseudonym; but even now he is bound to describe himself officially as Jacques Thibault, dit Anatole France. The son of a little-known publisher, the new Immortal was born some forty-two years ago, in one of the quiet quarters of the old Paris he loves and knows so well how to describe. When he was eighteen he was appointed one of the librarians to the Senate, and soon made his mark in literary journalism. He wrote much for the *Débats*, and, later, succeeded Jules Claretie on the *Temps*, having in the meantime published two volumes of admirable verse, which placed him, perhaps against his will, among the *Parnassiens*; and a story, "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard," which, delicate and charming though it was, gave no promise of the brilliancy and power of his after work. Then, comparatively lately, appeared in rapid succession the admirable series of stories which, whether cast in the form of *conte* or novel, were written to express certain philosophical ideas, and, in doing so, revealed their author a master of the art of fiction.

Anatole France (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) has set up his household gods in a tiny *maisonnette* forming one of a narrow street bordered on either side by neat little houses—which is, perhaps, the quaintest of the well-called *cités* which lie, more or less hidden from public gaze, on the right side of the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. His study is on the first floor, an airy room, lined with books, and bereft of all ornamentation and colouring save that supplied by a splendid carved oak fireplace and some Roman statuary, the gleanings of many unconventional journeys through Italy.

"Yes," he said, in answer to a question, "it is quite true that I simply chose the fiction or story form of expressing my ideas and theories because I found it more easy to do so. I have been called the Apostle of Doubt, and I think I may claim to be an agnostic in the true sense of the word. Sometimes I have been tempted to take as my device the haunting question, 'What is truth?' After all, is not life a perpetual note of interrogation?"

"As for 'Thaïs,'" he continued, after a pause, "the plot—such as it is—was suggested to me by a ten-line passage in a curious little eighteenth century work entitled 'The Fathers of the Desert.' I attempted a reconstitution of Alexandria, for I was exceptionally familiar with all that has been written and all that is known about the period described in the story, the action of which is supposed to take place during the reign of the son of Constantine; and though I avoided local colour as much as possible, I hope that what I did put in was not false. When describing the city I worked with the aid of a little plan of ancient Alexandria."

"Can any writer successfully reconstitute the past?"

"No," he said quickly. "That has never yet been and never will be done. A writer, however great his talent, can only give a poetical vision or *aperçu* of what has been. After all, how little we realise in what fashion the events which have made history occurred, and, what is even more important, those episodes which have shaped the world to be what it now is. One day a friend and I were talking on the subject, and he expressed a belief that the sequence of events which formed the genesis of the Christian religion must have made a deep impression on the chief actors in the tragedy. This I denied, and I wrote a little story purporting to be a chapter from the old age of Pontius Pilate in order to prove my contention. Curiously enough, this *nouvelle* made a great impression, and was even noticed by English readers."

"You evidently share Flaubert's interest in the manifestations of early Christian asceticism?"

"Yes; I delight in everything that relieves the monotony of life. I admire all extremes and excesses, and I have always considered that the committal of certain follies is tantamount to genius. I feel a vivid aversion of what I call the cruel virtues—above all, of justice. I have always attempted to preach tolerance and charity."

"You are no advocate, I take it, of the modern straining after realism?"

"I am a lover of both the Real and the Ideal; both are here, there, and everywhere, and both are as old as the everlasting hills. What is literary realism? Quite lately there have been discovered the famous 'Mimes' of Hiondas, which are in every sense of the word far more realistic than anything written by the most advanced of our 'naturalists.' When I wrote 'Le Lis Rouge,' a novel dealing with modern life, my critics declared that the story was a *roman à clef*, and they based this theory on the fact that one of my personalities distantly resembled Verlaine. As an actual fact, the personality had been composed out of many different types, of which Verlaine happened to be one."

"Do you believe in a literary apprenticeship?"

"Certainly," was the unexpected answer, "and I consider—what is, indeed, proved beyond a doubt—that journalism is the best of all schools. Writing for the Press gives suppleness. I am never so happy as when working, and I consider that rest is best acquired by labour. As to my holidays, they are spent in Italy; I love the art, the literature, the people, the climate—in a word, everything Italian is dear to me, and some of the happiest days I have had in my life have been spent in the little-known corners of that wonderful country."

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

It is vain for the journalists of Paris to rise up early and discover the diabolical plots of perfidious Albion, and sit up late to write flaming articles on the same, for there can be no doubt that, in spite of their denunciations, the good town of Paris is growing steadily more English year by year, even as London is beginning to attempt a Parisian gaiety and lightness, timidly and by degrees. In part this is due, doubtless, to the growing tendency of Frenchmen to come to London, and the great and increasing volume of English travellers and residents in Paris. The shops in which it was announced that "English is spoken" were apt to be a fraud; the speaking of English was done entirely by the customers. But now some enterprising Gauls have substituted "We speak English"—an announcement about which there can be no doubt whatever. A few Russian shops have sprung from the Dual Alliance; Russian tea, Russian leather, and Russian enamel and silver jewellery are dispensed by persons ending in "-off"; but the English movement has got past the stage of a fad, or a mere attempt to supply strangers with what they are used to.

There is no doubt that, in spite of fervid journalism and diplomatic wrangles, the two nations are gradually growing nearer together. We are sending over athletics and sport and gentlemen's clothes, and we get back gaiety and cookery, and ladies' dresses. The French teach our art-student how to handle a brush, and their critics have discovered that some of us, too, can paint. They are helping our literature and art to shake off the restrictions of a narrow Puritanism, and we may perhaps wean their writers and artists from the worship of the great goddess Lubricity. They will learn from us, let us hope, how to build a comfortable theatre, and we shall learn from them how to get real actors and actresses to play our pieces.

One hardly knows which to wonder at the more—the patience with which French audiences endure the same stale old themes year after year, or the art with which their authors dress the themes up and the actors present them. Think, for instance, of the innumerable comic operas based on those two aged, if not reverend ideas—the interrupted wedding, and the Lothario husband pursuing his own wife! Somehow, the capacity of writers for creating and of audiences for appreciating wit has far outstripped the perception of either for humour. Comic situation in French light dramatic work seldom rises above the elementary. Hardened theatre-goers as the Parisians are, they will laugh heartily over some aged comic situation, some bit of humorous "business" that might have been new when the frivolous Ham beguiled the monotony of the Ark with amateur theatricals—but not since then.

And yet, how well it is done! What matchless cookery is employed to make the stale scrag-end of a situation palatable! What artists the performers are, and how they subordinate themselves to the piece! Even in the incongruous jumble of a "Revue," where all the follies of the year appear in quick succession, how well each one does his or her three or four rapid sketches! The other day I was looking on at one of these trifles—a poor one of its class, and quite unnecessarily fragmentary. Three cab-runners came on to complain of their suppression by the authorities. Each was a perfect type. There was the thin, eager, rat-like agitator; the ragged ne'er-do-well, tattered in every possible manner, who had evidently sunk through and out of every class of society in which he had ever lived; and, finally, there was the alcoholic workman out of work. The last had only to growl out at intervals an appeal for justice; but his one sentence was delivered exactly at the right moments, and with the perfect and appropriate hoarseness of diction. One could almost gauge the exact quantity of bad brandy that had brought his voice to such an intonation. Would an English actor or music-hall singer have taken so much trouble over so small a matter?

We have often been asked by critics why we do not have the French "Revue"—the procession of all the fads and follies of the year, linked together by some more or less ingenious thread of story. The only specimen of this class of entertainment regularly given is the Epilogue to the Westminster Play; but that is a classical *tour de force*. The obstacles in the way of acclimatising the "Revue" are two—firstly, the unwillingness of our performers to take great trouble over little details, and secondly, and more seriously, the general inability of English audiences to understand a topical allusion that is not vulgarly obvious, and that relates to a period more remote than last week. Now, if a "Revue" had been written for an English theatre at the end of the present year, an admirable subject for satire would have been the epidemic of patriotic songs that broke out at theatres and music-halls after the Kaiser's telegram. But what would the Christmas audience remember of the blatant patriotism of spring?

No, we must educate our audiences, if we are to have good acting and witty dialogue. Critics complain at times of the heaviness of our native comic drama, the lack of brilliance, the absence of clever by-play, the sacrificing of detail to broad and inartistic effects. Dear critics, the dramatists cannot have you in every night—perhaps they would not if they could. And where is the use of delighting you with crisp epigrams and delicate satire, only to see all one's wit fall dead on the indifference of stalls that read the money articles and a gallery that reads nothing?

MARMITON.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

Reproduced herewith is Bellini's "Presentation of Christ in the Temple," which hangs at present in the Royal Picture Gallery of Vienna. It is surely one of the most beautiful Bellinis in the world, full of dignity, of thoughtfulness, and of solemn feeling. The Madonna, gravely attentive, holds the shrinking child towards the blind Simeon, a face of infinite pathos, with the fulfilled aspirations of so many waiting years about to break from him. In the fullest sense of the word, the picture is classical; the composition, carefully thought out and arranged with infinite pre-occupation, has the sentiment of finality about it which belongs again to the classic ideal. It is a picture that will repay long and close study; it has an inward inspiration, if one may so speak, which grows with intimacy

surpassing merit perhaps, but, on the other hand, the works it does contain do not fall below; for the most part, a quite appreciable level of dignity. It is not easy to pick out particular names where so wide a consistency of merit prevails; but perhaps one may be permitted to mention the name of Miss Frances Nesbitt, whose contributions show not only a very fair technical ability, but also—that rare thing in art and life—a sense of humour.

Mr. H. S. Nichols, of 3, Soho Square, and 62A, Piccadilly, has had on view, and is now issuing in a Folio Atlas volume, a series of forty-five Remarque Proofs, reproduced by the somewhat hardly named



PRESENTATION OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.—G. BELLINI.
IN THE ROYAL PICTURE GALLERY, VIENNA.

Messrs. Tooth's winter show at the Haymarket contains wares, if one may use the phrase quite respectfully, as various as those of Autolyceus. As Mr. Gilbert inquires, "Are you in sentimental mood?" Then come hither to view your Bouguereau, faultily faultless, icily regular—the quotation need not be completed. "On maiden's fancies do you brood?" Here is Leighton with his "Perseus and Andromeda," teaching the world one view, at all events, of a virgin legend of Pagan antiquity. "But if patriotic sentiments be wanted, we've patriotic ballads cut and dry." Feast your eyes upon the B. W. Leaders and his light that never was on sea and land, but which he has the eye to see in that "great and glorious country called Great Britain"; and you will, in this patriotic burst, not pass by unheeded the Vicat Coles, fragrant with this English air and the realism of English landscape; and, finally, to complete Nanki-Poo's category, "If you ask for a song of the sea," the name of Mr. Henry Moore may remind you of all that he has done in the past for the sea. Altogether an admirable exhibition.

The Cabinet Picture Society, a somewhat new institution, as one supposes, holds its first exhibition at 175, New Bond Street, and attains really a very decent average of merit. It does not contain works of

ortho-chromatic photogravure process, entirely devoted to the nude as represented in art by various well-known masters. Certainly, in a great number of instances—in the majority, indeed—the result borders upon the marvellous. Whatever the process may actually be, there can be no doubt of its effectiveness; in some instances one is actually tempted to the belief that the reproduction is more attractive, and more clearly significant of the artist's intention, than the original; but this is, of course, only where the original painting's least admirable quality has been its brushwork.

The exhibition at the Fine Art Society's rooms of a multitude of Lord Leighton's sketches is in every way a success. As frequently happens with even the greatest artists, and as a casual visit to the British Museum can any day testify to the doubter, Leighton was often at his best in the act of preparation. There is very little, down to the smallest studies of drapery in this collection, which is not instructive. Here, in a word, you may prove how true an artist Leighton was.

"The Book of Beauty" (Hutchinson) is now to be brought within the reach of a larger public by the issue of a cheaper edition.

'THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"QUEEN ELIZABETH."*

The sumptuous get-up and profuse and fine illustrations of the Bishop of London's "Queen Elizabeth" must not mislead the reader into taking the text to be merely ancillary to the portraits. No portrait in the volume gives you a more picturesque, lifelike, and vivid idea of the original than Bishop Creighton's monograph gives you of Elizabeth. What strikes you most in this portrait of the "great Elizabeth" is that it reverses the popular conception of the Queen as "man-like." In everything except her unquestionable physical courage, Elizabeth was essentially furtive and feline. Her cleverness was of that short-sighted kind which we call cunning—seeing with extraordinary clearness the difficulty or danger of the moment, and extricating herself from it with no less extraordinary astuteness. She lived from hand to mouth, and postponed decisions on most matters—as Napoleon postponed replying to most letters, hoping that time would save the trouble of answering them. "Elizabeth," says Bishop Creighton, "had spent her life in studiously avoiding the obligation of making up her mind, in putting off a decision till a decision had become unnecessary, because things had settled themselves." When, however, she was cornered, her single and invariable weapon was the weapon rather of weakness than of strength—dissimulation. No wonder that the Spanish Ambassador wrote of her, "This woman is possessed with a hundred thousand devils, and yet she pretends to me that she would like to be a nun, and live in a cell, and tell her beads from morning to night." Let us take the crucial case of the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. Elizabeth was averse to the deed, not from any scruple of heart or conscience, but because of its impolicy. The death of Mary meant the death of Philip of Spain's hope of a Popish successor to the English throne, and the precipitation of the Spanish attempt at invasion. Elizabeth's Ministers, on the other hand, knowing that the accession of Mary would mean their death-warrant, were urgent with the Queen to let the law,

signed the warrant for Mary's execution, but suggested to Secretary Davison to have the Scotch Queen put to death on his own responsibility by either Sir Amyas Paulet or Sir Drew Drury. Both declined, knowing too well that Elizabeth would not only have disavowed her suggestion, but would have had them executed for acting upon it.

Elizabeth was simply pursuing in this case, as Bishop Creighton shows, her habitual policy. When, for instance, she sent Drake on a piratical expedition, taking shares in the venture (and exacting afterwards the uttermost farthing of her portion of the plunder), she despatched him upon the distinct understanding that she would disavow him if he failed. In truth there was no such paradoxical contrast as is usually assumed between the Queen and the woman; for Elizabeth was throughout as feminine in her diplomacy as she was in her vanity. She never once took a strong decision or a decided course that was not forced upon her, while she never once came out into the open till she was driven out. She approached all her objects, when she could, tortuously and disingenuously, and was, perhaps, the most consistent and consummate dissembler that ever lived. Her invocation of all the curses of heaven and horrors of hell upon herself if she played Alençon false made even Burleigh shudder, and yet she never had for a moment any other intention than to use the French Prince as a serviceable tool, to be flung aside when it had done its work. Nor was Elizabeth less shifty in her dealings with her own Ministers or Parliaments. Compare, for instance, her speeches when she had no object in masking her meaning with those meant to throw dust in the eyes of her hearers. Her address to her troops at Tilbury rings like the blast of a trumpet, as clear as it is soul-stirring. But neither the oracular Bunsby nor the most eminent living master of the art of using speech to conceal thought approached Elizabeth's style when she wished to use words as the cuttle-fish uses its inky ejection. By the way, the Bishop suggests, and there is a good deal to be said for the suggestion, that it was Elizabeth's conviction that her



QUEEN ELIZABETH IN HER OLD AGE.
From the Royal Collection at Hampton Court.



QUEEN ELIZABETH WHEN YOUNG.
From the Royal Collection at Windsor.



QUEEN ELIZABETH.
From a Picture in the Collection of the Earl of Buckinghamshire at Hampden House.



QUEEN ELIZABETH IN FANCY DRESS.
From the Royal Collection at Hampton Court.

which put others to death for being privy to plots against her Majesty, take its course in Mary's case. After wavering for some time, Elizabeth

marriage would be childless which had most to do with deciding her to keep single. A word of acknowledgment is due to the firm of Bousod, Valadon, and Co., at Asnières-sur-Seine, near Paris, for the exquisite printing and engraving of this noble volume.

* "Queen Elizabeth." By the Right Rev. Mandell Creighton, D.D., Lord Bishop of Peterborough. London: Bousod, Valadon, and Co.

THE INDUSTRIOUS MRS. MOLESWORTH.*

When you begin to search for characteristics in literary folk, it does not need an acute mind to fix on the extraordinary industry of women writers as a very patent fact. Think of Mrs. Oliphant alone, with her novels, her translations, her annotations, her biographies, her history, and what not. This Christmas season has revealed the energies of another industrious worker, Mrs. Molesworth, to wit, six of whose books, issued from the houses of four different publishers, are offered to a hungry public.

The first in the list is typical of her methods, for to those who are content with simple and serene emotions in novels, without those frequent excursions and alarms with which we are wont to take so many fireside journeys, the story of "Philippa" may be safely recommended. Mrs. Molesworth's latest heroine is endued with a sweet and gentle charm, combined, moreover, with sufficient individualism to make the narrative of her comings and goings very pleasant reading. Around an escapade of hers, which sets several trains of conflicting circumstances in motion, the interest of this tale centres chiefly. Philippa Raynsworth's sister, Mrs. Headfort, recently returned from India, is asked to visit some potential relatives of her absent husband, an episode of enough importance to cause a flutter in the Raynsworth household, inasmuch as it is the first friendly overture from these wealthy and important cousins-in-law since Evelyn's marriage to Captain Headfort. Even he, writing from his foreign station, is elated at this recognition of his little wife, and enjoins her to go in all things suitably equipped, even to the matter of taking her own maid. Here arrives the crux of the situation. There is no time to obtain a smart Phoebe from London or Paris; the village is overhauled without success, native talent not reaching up-to-date coiffure and other mysteries of the toilet. In family council even the two or three women servants composing the Raynsworth's modest list of retainers are proposed, and finally rejected with regret as unavailing. So poor Mrs. Headfort has to set forth alone on this dreaded week's visit without that much-discussed appanage of social well-being. At this juncture, Philippa, by an unsuspected stratagem, throws herself into the gap, and boldly appears ready equipped as her sister's maid when Mrs. Headfort is already too far on the journey to send her back again. A week full of exciting incidents and hair-breadth escapes from discovery follows, in the recital of which Mrs. Molesworth is at her best, and the discovering with what results Philippa got out of the scrape will give ample amusement to the readers of this book.

There is a very praiseworthy sample of character-drawing in the little blue-bound book which introduces Sheila of the dark eyes and temper to match, in such contrast to her pretty, amiable, and affectionate small sister. Nothing did, nor ever would, satisfy Sheila the proud, the suspicious, the hasty. Always quarrelling with her best friends and confiding in her worst, we see her led from one childish folly to another, until at last the culminating point—at least, to Sheila—is reached, and she runs away from home. Nor is there any lack of incident in the chapters which succeed that rash event. Falling in with Gipsies in a wood within walking distance of her home, Sheila joins the camp, and has some uncommon experiences while jolting about in the caravan from one place to another. Old Diana, the grandmother-in-chief of the tribe, turns out to be quite an orthodox and respectable character as Romanys go. She gives the truant Sheila excellent advice, and, against the classic tradition of all gay Zingari, is ultimately the means of restoring her to her parents. How Sheila left off puckering up her forehead in peevish wrinkles, and became a quite reformed and charming member of the school-room republic, young readers will enjoy finding out for themselves, while laying the useful lesson to heart that bad temper in little girls is more disfiguring than the plainest face could possibly be.

Similarly bound, and illustrated like the foregoing, with deftly drawn full-page pictures by L. Leslie Brooke, "The Carved Lions" is a quite

delightful little history of child-life, written in that tender spirit of sympathy with the small comedies and tragedies of our boy and girl years in which Mrs. Molesworth is so particularly successful. Few little people, or the grown-ups who love them for the matter of that, will endorse the favourite phrase concerning "good old days" as applied to girls' schools of the period—at least, after having read "The Carved Lions." The picture drawn of a poor little girl, unhappy, misunderstood, and domineered over by those twin dragons of all the stern virtues, Miss Aspinall and Miss Broom, commands all one's commiseration for the poor unfortunate little mite left in their untender charge. Goaded at last into the desperate step of running away, we find our disconsolate little heroine of nine wandering about the streets of a large town, where she happily falls in with friends and all ends well. The tale is lent a quaint interest by being told of fifty years ago, the manners and customs of that time being prettily prattled about by the charming old lady who is understood to tell the tale of her own childish days. How a pair of picturesque and peaceful lions carved in wood enter upon the scene I shall not divulge, but rather reserve as a *bonne-bouche* for those young readers who will thankfully contrast their own pleasant present with the forlorn figure little Geraldine presents in that old-time school-room.

Quite in another vein from her usual self are the weird and eerie

tales recounted for fire-worshippers on these winter evenings by Mrs. Molesworth; told, too, in such graphic and realistic fashion that one can almost hear the wind wailing round belated house-corners or blowing ghostly gusts through the tapestries of haunted chambers which form themselves beguilingly in the fancy as each tale unfolds. There is such a fascination, repellent and yet rapturous, about stories told in the firelight of things supernatural, half-understood, particularly with a well-flanked ingle-nook filled with responsive faces—a sensation somewhat less enjoyed, however, when the lights are turned off, and we find our sleep-killing imagination bounteously turned on. In Mrs. Molesworth's bunch of short but striking stories there is the interest of originality in combination with her own sincere and straightforward style to make them doubly effective in thrills. The first is even better than its name, which is "A Shadow in the Moonlight." The idea of furniture and effects being haunted and carrying this dread infection about wherever they happen to be despatched or scattered, instead of the time-honoured belief which bids us localise our spirits to hall or turret, is a capital one, and enlarged upon to its most interesting expansion in this aforesaid tale. Quite in different case, but equally eerie, is "The Man with a Cough," who succeeds in the list, making excellent effect, dramatically speaking, with those startling bronchial tubes of his. Two or three other tales to follow ring the changes on themes which, both terrestrial or otherwise,

are undoubtedly hair-raising—a sufficient recommendation, I know, to dozens of readers whose literary palate is never quite sated unless treated to a frequent flavouring of "horrors" among its other favourite ingredients. In "Uncanny Tales" they will find all this to their heart's content, a mixture of the gruesome and the curious most attractively united.

"Friendly Joey," who gives the book its title, is no less than a chimney-cowl of high position—architecturally speaking—who heads with much *éclat* a procession of prettily told tales, each with its little moral lesson so cosily wrapped up as to make it inseparable from the delights of the tale-telling. Among other recognisable characters is Archie, who practised the art of cutting-out so indefatigably with his new scissors that even Mrs. Lindsey's green velvet cloak was sacrificed to his energy; and in another touch of child nature Lizzie May's disappointment is no less a faithful picture of the grey griefs and green joys of early youth. A series of very sympathetic illustrations adds much to this little volume's attractiveness.

In "The Oriel Window," another of Mrs. Molesworth's recent books, we have the history of a small boy who is presented with a pony as a birthday gift by fond parents. Unhappily, in the very act of trying the paces of his new possession, poor Freddy is thrown and left with a spinal injury, which chains him for long years to an invalid couch. From this "oriel window," into which the boy is daily wheeled, many things come under Freddy's wondering ken, and the boy becomes a sort of small "Thru" in its way, but with vistas pleasanter than came under those tragic panes, and with a brighter ending, for after weary, wistful days Freddy slowly comes back to his real boy-life of strength and frolic.



MRS. MOLESWORTH.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

* "Philippa," London: W. and P. Chambers.
 "Sheila's Mystery," "The Carved Lions," and "The Oriel Window," London: Macmillan.
 "Uncanny Tales," London: Hutchinson.
 "Friendly Joey," London: Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

It is amusing to note the diversity of opinion on the team selected to represent England against Wales at Newport on Jan. 9. The selection may be regarded as a criticism by the Rugby Union on the great North v. South match played the other day at Richmond.



W. BASSETT.

Photo by Whitlock, West Bromwich.

that Wales will conquer England on Jan. 9 by a tolerably wide margin.

With regard to J. F. Byrne at back, no great fault can be found. Byrne played three-quarter for the South against the North, but his right place is full-back. It is a different matter, however, with regard to his brother, F. A. Byrne, who gets his place solely because of a creditable display made in the Richmond match referred to. On that occasion Byrne was liberally and unselfishly fed by his brother, and he cannot reasonably hope to be so lucky next month. The other three-quarters are Fookes of Yorkshire, Baker of Oxford University, and Fletcher of Cumberland, the last-named also a debutant in International matches. Baker, it may be remembered, was unable to play in the North v. South match, but the brilliant exposition he gave in the Varsity game ought to convince us that the famous International is still a power in the land. The half-backs are Mr. C. M. Wells and Mr. E. W. Taylor. These may be regarded as the champions of England in their positions, and the Welshmen will assuredly testify to the prowess of the pair, seeing that these were the half-backs who helped England to defeat Wales at Blackheath last season by two goals and five tries to nil. I always knew Wells incomparable in attack, but I was never sure about his defence until the North v. South match, when he was quite superb. There is no greater Rugby footballer at the present time than the old Dulwich boy.

Yorkshiremen must be quite shocked to find only one of their forwards in the team. Still, I don't think a mistake has been made, and I am quite satisfied with the octet as it stands. With Byrne and Ashford in the team, the place-kicking ought to be safe enough. Of the eight English forwards, only one—Ward, the Yorkshireman in question—has already figured in International matches, which is a very sensational state of affairs surely. Stoddart of Lancashire, Oakes of Durham, Stout of Gloucestershire, Mangles and Ashford of Richmond, Jacob of Cambridge University, and Ebdon of Somerset—all these men have earned their places by downright good work.

There is no footballer in the country whose place in the International team is so assured as William Bassett, the West Bromwich Albion outside-right. He has more International caps than any other player at present in the field, and he is fast approaching the record of N. C. Bailey. His ability may be gauged from the fact that a celebrated outside-right like Athersmith has never been able to secure a place in an England eleven against Scotland. For the past decade, Bassett has been the mainstay of the West Bromwich Albion team, and it is a peculiar thing that, contrary to the nomadic propensities of the average professional footballer, he has remained faithful to the Albion throughout his football career. It is now ten years since he first entered the team, after undergoing the necessary preliminary training among a junior eleven called the "West Bromwich Strollers," and at that time he was seventeen years old. Since then, Bassett has earned four caps against Ireland, four against Wales, and eight against Scotland, making sixteen in all. Bassett's height is 5 ft. 6½ in., and he weighs 10 st. 7 lb.

CRICKET.

Now that the fixtures for next summer's season have been made known, the resumption of the glorious game does not seem so far off as it really is. On all hands it is admitted that the fateful four months in 1897 will be more successful than any previous period. This is a phrase that we have grown accustomed to hear, and I don't think I can be accused of undue pessimism in expressing the opinion that the County Cricket Championship will be no more successful and no less than it ever has been. In fact, I don't see how the competition for the championship

can ever be wholly satisfactory so long as some of the counties play less and different matches than others.

At the same time, it is very clear that the ideal state is gradually attained. Essex, for instance, have this season two new names on their card, those of Lancashire and Sussex. The County Palatine, it would seem, rely on Essex to furnish four more points to the Lancashire figures, so that they have not altogether been actuated by a spirit of generosity. I also think that Lancashire will beat Essex twice, but I shall not be very greatly surprised if they do not. The cases of Surrey and Yorkshire are the justification for my doubt. On paper Essex do not read a powerful lot, but they have more than once shown that they can down even champion teams. It has been often contended that the Essex wickets were exceedingly bad, and responsible for the defeat of good teams at Leyton. It therefore gives me great pleasure to announce that the wickets on the ground are being carefully attended to this winter.

OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Form has worked out very badly at the jumping business so far, yet the bookmakers have, I am told, caught it hot over one or two winners, which, on the book, had no pretensions to win. Selling races are the cause of many upsets, and I have heard it rumoured that in some of those events there are often only a few real triers. The National Hunt Committee are not likely to spare evildoers, and any jockey who is found going crooked this winter is not likely to ever have the chance given him to do so again. Some of the wooden-headed riders fancy they can defy detection; but time may teach them a wholesome lesson.

John Kent, whose book has just been published, is one of the grand old men of the Turf world. He does not get about to any places now, but considerations of health did not keep him away from Goodwood—his own pet place—until the last meeting, when he was really too weak. For all that, his pen was not idle, but was depicting scenes which previously only existed in his memory, and had been forgotten by others. His reminiscences extend over no fewer than seventy Goodwoods—material for as interesting a book as was ever written on the Sport of Kings. John Kent's father trained Refraction, who won the Oaks, and Miss Ellis, one of the two horses who won the Goodwood Stakes and Cup in the same year. John Kent and "Pavo" of the *Morning Post* are very old friends.

Whatever else may be the outcome of the legislation concerning handicapping, the abolition of overnight handicaps has been greeted with the most unqualified delight. This species of race never served any good purpose, and was in many instances the cause of friction between the Press and racecourse executives. Mr. John Corlett recently said that an official who could not make a selling handicap in an hour is not worth his salt. I think it would require a very clever man to bring together some of the wretched animals whose names were found in these races. Their form was either so utterly unreliable, or their merits had, for obvious reasons, been so cleverly hidden, that it was a farce to talk of handicapping them. The best type of owner seldom or never patronised these races—a sufficient proof of the esteem in which they were held. Their abolition is one of the best pieces of work the Jockey Club has ever accomplished.

The entries for the Spring Handicaps will be published in the opening week of the new year, and it is safe to predict a good average, as the majority of the flat-racers have been doing steady work up to the present time. Already one or two horses are mentioned for the Lincoln Handicap, and Bridegroom will, if entered, have plenty of backers. It is expected that Earl Cadogan will have a go for the Grand National with his new purchase Stratoeracy, a gelding by Ben Battle—Little Mary, but, as the horse is only four years old, I think his lordship should keep him for another year before sending him over the long, tiring course and big fences at Aintree.

It will be a good stroke of business if the Manchester Races are in the near future run over a new course, as some owners are prejudiced against the New Barns track, which in some parts is, to say the least of it, bare. The meeting is one of the best and most liberally managed in the country, and the executive can rely on plenty of patronage wherever they go, provided they continue to run the meeting on the lines laid down by the late Mark Price, who was a champion organiser. I should not be surprised to see a large gathering of club members at the Manchester meetings in the near future, as Lord Marcus Beresford, who manages this department, has a big following.

The South-Eastern Railway are going to quote specially cheap rates for conveying passengers to and from the new race-meeting about to be started at Folkestone. This is as it should be. The Northern lines always run cheap trips to race-meetings held over their circuits, but up to now the railway companies running south of London charge full prices at race-times, and even then do not sufficiently study the convenience of their highly charged patrons. Seeing the owners of the Southern lines have the clubs with their tape-machines in opposition to them, it is strange they do not hold out advantages sufficient to tempt sportsmen to attend the many meetings held in their midst.

THE CYCLE SHOW IN PARIS.

It may be that the present Salon du Cycle at the Palais de l'Industrie is the apotheosis of the wheel. Those who believe that to-day will, no doubt, be treated with silent pity by the world a couple of years hence. But that statue that stands outside the Palace, and which is said to



A SAMPLE OF A FRENCH CYCLING POSTER.

allegorically represent the triumph of the cycle, is a little confusing. In the first place, the lady who presents the "bike" to a wondering world is clad in Minerva-like robes, and under no circumstances could she mount even in her back garden. Accordingly, you are forced to believe that, instead of deifying the machine, she is handing it out in disgust. This is not the only thing that is ridiculous, for in front of her stands a Hercules—whose attire suggests that he is consistent in a strike that he has organised against tailors and hosiers—with his two arms knocked off at the shoulders. Possibly this is intended to be symbolical of the policeman of the future engaged in regulating the traffic when autocars have carried the last horse to its long home.

You would not have had the time to notice these small details a couple of years ago, but to-day it is necessary to pass away the weary quarter of an hour that awaits you before you have a chance to fight your way through the crowd to the entrance.

"And to think," says M. Bivart, the President, when you have the chance of a word with him, "that only four years ago I, with my secretary Giraudeau, was simply appalled at the idea of opening a cycle show! We foresaw failure, and even the staunchest of our friends only encouraged us out of curiosity. We went up to the little out-of-the-way dancing-hall, the Wagram, and hired it. Well, you can easily judge our surprise when we found the public absolutely fighting to get in. Next year we determined to play a bold card, and asked for the use of the national show-place, the Palais de l'Industrie. The Government hesitated a long time, and, if it had not been for the powerful support of the Chambre Syndicale de l'Industrie Vélocipédique, we should have been snubbed. Casimir Perrier would not come when he was President, as he did not think that cycling had hardly arrived at the point when the Chief of the State could give it his recognition. However, as you know, M. Faure has no such scruples, and this year he honoured the Cyclists' Grand Prix with his presence just as he patronises the horses at Longchamps. Only to think, when you see the machines to-day, that a couple of years ago, the whole of the public were fighting to see a tripet, which was then regarded as the last word in cycle development."

But there is another rush on the part of the crowd, and before I have time to say "au revoir," I find myself in the land of giants. There is a man of such colossal proportions who is shaking me by the hand, and behind him is a bicycle with wheels seventeen feet high, that for the moment one is dumbfounded. But it is only a mild shock. It is the joke of the Cleveland people, who have brought over these two monsters. But the "baby"—as he is familiarly called—numbs you, when you try a palpable joke at his expense, by throwing down a challenge to ride a mile in less than a minute and a half on any track you like to suggest.

There is little, very little, to note in the way of novelties in cycles. There is one machine that claims to have superseded all chains by means of a continuous system of balls from sprocket to sprocket, but when I tried it with my hand it seemed to run heavily and with a nasty burring noise. Simpson's chain was, however, besieged, and everyone seemed charmed with it, and there was any quantity of novel seats and collapsible cycle-crates, which should certainly be a boon to the tourist, as provision is made inside that enables him to pack in all his goods and chattels, and so do away with the necessity of carrying a Gladstone.

Although the position placed at the disposal of the motor-cars is a bad one, it is easy to see what

wonderful progress the French are making in their manufacture. M. Daracq showed me his new electric car, which will run at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and only requires reloading once in every seventy kilomètres; and close by is a motor-cycle weighing only twenty kilos and capable of making a long journey. In short chats that I had with Mr. Accles, of Birmingham, and with several leading American agents, the idea was freely expressed that France had got the lead in this industry, and would keep it. Every French maker is deluged with orders, and the man who gave a commission to-day would have no chance of seeing his car in its stable for at least two years. Those who have the good fortune to possess them can sell them at any figure they like to ask. Baron de Zuyelan gave me one striking example of this. Prince Orloff, of the Russian Embassy, paid six thousand francs over the invoice price for a car that had been well used for months. Although it is generally conceded that electricity is the power of the future, there are very many experts who declare that under no circumstances can it ever equal petroleum for convenience and steam for power.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

Readers of the *Lady's Realm* who know anything at all about cycles, and of the fair ones who ride them, can afford to smile at Mrs. Lynn Linton's article condemning the "bike" for ladies. Her arguments are weak, and, if I may be allowed to say so, her statements are false. Her declaration that the prettiest woman in the world loses all her distinctive charm when "biking" may be her opinion, but not that of the public. It is the very opposite that has caused the bicycle to become so popular. What unprejudiced person can say that a woman with a good figure, a good skirt, and a thorough mistress of the art of riding, does not look well on her "bike"? As to its being an essentially vulgar institution, and emanating from the lower or vulgar classes, as Mrs. Linton calls them, I should like to know on what ground she bases her statement. The old hobby-horse of our forefathers was confined entirely to the aristocracy of those days. There is not, in fact, one statement made by Mrs. Lynn Linton that cannot be rightly contradicted. In bicycle-riding, as in riding on horseback, there are good and bad riders. Mrs. Linton selects the bad for her model, and seems to have been extremely unlucky in her choice. Personally, I think a bad horsewoman much more ungainly than a bad wheelwoman, and when Mrs. Linton sees the bright side of cycling, she will probably end, like many others, in praising the wheel of progress. Why will lady journalists launch out into writing about matters of which they know little? One does not like hauling any lady over the coals, but when the correspondent of the *Wheelwoman* who writes "In the Park" describes Lord Worcester as having just taken over the Badminton Hounds, and of being seen pedalling round the Park when he must have been hunting, it shows the bosh that some ladies write.

There will be no more scorching for ladies. Surgeon-Captain Cockerill has invented a looking-glass to fix on to the handle-bar of a bicycle. It is called the "Argus retrospect." Ladies will, therefore, now be able to see when the bloom on their cheeks begins to disappear, and thus moderate their speed before it is too late. Besides acting as a mirror, it enables the rider to see any approaching vehicle or danger from behind. What with mirrors, travelling dog-kennels, tea-baskets, and so on, we are getting well provided for.

The following story reaches me from the other side of the "herring-pond." A timid old lady was induced lately to visit a velodrome. Her knowledge of cycles was scant, and she looked on in utter bewilderment at the scene of excitement; and when the winner had passed the post,



A MONSTER BICYCLE AT THE PARIS SHOW.

and the partisans rushed in to carry him off on their shoulders, she exclaimed, "Oh, dear! What are they doing with that poor young man? Is anything the matter with him?" "There is, madam," replied a wag at her elbow; "he has broken his own record, and is being carried off the track." "Well, I declare! I'm sorry for him," responded the venerable dame, "but I always did think those bicycle things were dangerous to fool with."

I am told that in many places accident insurance companies refuse to grant a policy to the "bicycle girl." The reason is not that she is supposed to ride worse than the "bicycle boy," but that her claims for trivial and small injuries are too persistent. It is said that if one-half of them were paid the underwriters would soon be bankrupt. Many people think that if they fall and bruise themselves it is a case for compensation. This depends entirely on the occupation of the insured. Take, for instance, a prize-fighter; if he fell off his "bike" and got a "lovely pair of black eyes," he would not receive anything, as the injury would not impair his beauty or interfere with his vocation; but if Miss Mabel Love, or any of her profession, came similarly to grief, it would certainly interfere with her professional duties, and entitle her to compensation.

I hope the following story of the Kaiser and the cyclists is not a chestnut to many of my readers. It appears that, sailing in his yacht in close proximity to the *Hohenzollern*, Prince Henry one day espied several of the officers disporting themselves on bicycles on the deck of the royal yacht, and going through various evolutions after the manner of figure-skaters. The Prince watched them with interest for some time, and afterwards related what he had seen to his brother. The Emperor, when he had started on his cruise, called the four officers whom Prince Henry had named to him, and asked them, "Why is there no riding when I am on board?" The reply was that the first officer had forbidden any more cycling on board. "Bring him to me," said the Kaiser, "and a cycle also." Whereupon the gallant officer was compelled to mount the wheel, the Emperor holding him on with a firm grip, while a photograph was



A BOARDING-SCHOOL OUT FOR AN AIRING.

taken of the group. After this the younger officers were permitted to cycle to their heart's content on board the *Hohenzollern*, much to the amusement of the Kaiser, though, doubtless, to the chagrin of their superior officer.

Is cycling good for the voice? This is a question which has been frequently asked of late, and probably the most suitable answer is that cycling in moderation is universally beneficial. I know that one of the greatest teachers of singing absolutely forbids her pupils to ride the wheel, on the ground that it is injurious to the chest and lungs; but, on the other hand, many of our most prominent operatic stars, among them Melba, Calvé, and the two De Reszkes, are cyclists, and the exercise appears in no way to have interfered with the power or tone of their voices. Plenty of fresh air and exercise must surely do more good than harm to the lungs, and, therefore, it stands to reason that the voice should be increased in power; and I cannot see why the tone should not be improved also.

It is, I believe, pretty generally recognised that, besides the ordinary dangers and accidents of the street, those who constantly ride the bicycle are subjected to possible evils which, in the present form of its construction, would appear to be almost inseparable from its use. Perhaps the most serious of these are those which affect the spine. A young friend of mine, a lady, has recently been suffering acute agony from inflammation of one of the joints of the spine, at the nape of the neck, due undoubtedly to concussion caused by riding on wheels.

When we take into consideration the present position and arrangement of the saddle, this is hardly to be wondered at. Although the saddle may be skilfully adjusted on springs, so as to neutralise as much as possible any jolts of the machine being communicated to the rider, it still remains a fact that a rigid tube of iron or steel, rising directly from the bearings of the hind wheel, is immediately under and in an almost direct line with the spine of the rider, and any jerk caused by going over an obstruction or unevenness on the road must be communicated upwards in a direct line to the spine. To the very strong this may be attended in most cases with no inconvenient consequences, but to the less robust it constitutes an inevitable source of danger, which may be more or less serious in its results, according to the physical constitution of the rider. I have pointed out this defect of construction in the hope that someone of a mechanical turn may find out a means for its correction, which, if successful, could scarcely fail to return a suitable pecuniary reward to its fortunate inventor.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

What in Wordsworth's day would have been called "poems of the affections" have some most dainty and tender examples in Mrs. Hinkson's new book of verse. "A Lover's Breast-Knot" (Mathews) is homage to dutiful love, homely in matter, but very fine in expression. Home feelings are deemed worthy an exquisite setting. Two or three of the lyrics must rank with the best work of this distinguished poetess.

For you I fear the stabbing rain,
The wounding wind;
O wandering love, return again—
Then and be kind,

begins one of the loveliest; but the most characteristic of Mrs. Hinkson's happiest lyrical mood is the picture of the child in heaven—

One angel holds his basin, one
His cwer of golden water sweet,
And one his robe to put him on,
And one his pillow and his sheet.
"O mystery," they cry, "of love and sorrow,
Sleep sweet, dear babe, thy mother comes to-morrow."

Mr. Craik has reached the nineteenth century in the fifth volume of his admirable "English Prose Selections" (Macmillan). Contemporary writers, like Pater and Stevenson, are admitted, but no living ones. As before, the passages have been chosen with exquisite taste, and the biographies entrusted to able writers. In the introduction to this volume we might have expected to be scolded for the effects of our present-day prose; but, though we don't get off scot-free exactly, we are rather tolerantly dealt with, and now and again we are surprised by a judgment of large charity and much common sense, as here: "We may see more than once in the history of our prose, false ornament, however distasteful, is, on the whole, a better and more healthful sign than no ornament at all; a prose style which moves too timidly, and fears all that is gorgeous lest it become tawdry, and all that is strenuous lest it become exaggerated, soon becomes afraid of its own shadow and ceases to move at all." Yes, and the excellent reflection may be extended far beyond the mere question of prose style.

Mr. Carew Hazlitt's new book, "The Lambs, their Lives, their Friends, and their Correspondence" (Mathews), is, in spite of its popular title, addressed principally to Lamb students and experts. Little of the new material it offers is of very general interest, though its correction of details in Canon Ainger's *Life*, its particulars concerning some more or less obscure persons who won the Lambs' friendship, and the additional letters of the brother and sister, are far from being unimportant. The most humanly interesting part of the new correspondence is that which proves the lively affection the two felt for their adopted child Laura Isola, daughter of Carlo Isola, an Italian Professor at Cambridge. Charles was her tutor as well as her guardian, and his letters during a dangerous illness she had away from them as agonised as could be those of the tenderest father, and as free from the distinction of his usual style as those of the most commonplace. Mr. Carew Hazlitt's book will serve its purpose if it put collectors on the look-out for the many letters still missing, some of which this editor does not despair of finding yet. But he has made a mistake in airing a grievance in his little book. "Never," he says, "in the entire compass of modern literary history, has a gentleman been so phenomenally unfortunate as this deponent has been in his Elian labours." He is referring, of course, to his edition of Talfourd's "Letters of Lamb" being succeeded, two years later, by Canon Ainger's book. His part in the Talfourd volumes was not sufficiently acknowledged. But there is no justice in the world for literary grievances. They had best be borne in stoic silence, else worse happens to their sufferer.

If you have a taste for the historical novel, you will read "The Lifeguardsman" (Black) with interest. It is an adaptation of a novel by the veteran Dutch author, Hendrik Jan Schimmel, and has passed through five or six editions since it first appeared in 1888, as if to mark the bicentenary of the English Revolution of 1688, which it is all about. Schimmel is, perhaps, the greatest living Dutch dramatist, and one of the ablest living writers of prose fiction, as well as a poet. His works have passed through several collected editions, and his plays, mostly written in verse, like Schiller's and Victor Hugo's, were long in vogue on the stage at the Hague and Amsterdam, while he also contributed largely to the leading critical organs of Dutch literature. Mynheer Schimmel, who is now seventy-three years of age, was formerly Managing Director of the Netherlands Commercial Company, but has retired from business, and lives at Bussum. "The Lifeguardsman," dealing with the Dutch, appears very appropriately at a time when the descendants of the Prince of Orange are facing England in South Africa. While the frame is the broad political and dynastical change that came over this country, the story really centres round Captain Semeys, who was sent over from the Hague and became an officer in the Guards. He was a sober Dutchman, with a wife and two children; but he forgot all about them in the presence of a young English girl, Nelly, the offspring of the notorious Lady Dorchester, transformed in the romance into Lady Manchester. How he met her, how she fascinated, belong to the literature of passionate intrigue, and yet the whole incident is told with not a suspicion of nastiness, with a pointing to the right path which is never didactic. Altogether a readable novel, improving as it proceeds, as all drama should do. Another of Schimmel's stories, dealing with the memorable defence of Holland against the French in 1672, may be expected to appear shortly in English.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

MORE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

It is not only within the classic shades of mediæval Oxford that King Christmas is ushered in with boar's head and its appropriate regalia at dinner-time. I know an old West Country manor-house whose hospitable roof resounds to the ancient processional carol once a year, and where crackling logs of gigantic size throw leaping reflections in time-stained panelling of hall and banquet-chamber—such rooms as are a feast to reason in the amplitude and serenity of their past and present, whose rafters still seem to echo with the long-past flow of soul that each Christmas still cheerily recalls. There are dozens of such houses in every county, and to one-half the magic of their fascination lies in the richness of internal effects, which ingle-nook and canopied doorways, panelled walls and twisting stairs produce. It was not an Englishman who said, "There is no such decoration as your carved oak." He came of a nation of clever craftsmen, but the old Yorkshire hall charmed him to ecstasy, and truly our national emblem does not need a stranger as an apologist. In the far-reaching present renaissance from this century's early ugliness, carved oak has become a factor in the House Beautiful, and we are being educated, down to our masses even, in the necessity of grace in our surroundings.

Take, for instance, a firm like Hewetson's, of Tottenham Court Road, who may be mentioned as pioneers in the movement of reviving public appreciation and interest in oak-carving. Old castles in Scotland, manor-houses in Wales, ancestral halls of our own land, have furnished models of the antique which these conscientious artists and craftsmen have copied and carved with zealous and praiseworthy exactitude, until the name of their firm has become so embodied with its art that, at the mere mention of oaken furniture, Hewetson's suggests itself as naturally to the mind as the sequence of the seasons. At the moment I have an entrance-hall in my mind's eye, done by Hewetson in a modern mansion near town, which would rival many an ancient house-place. The ceiling is cross-beamed in an octagonal device, the walls richly panelled up to a frieze of tapestry, buffet-sideboard, overmantel, great high-backed chairs and settles, with antlered doorways and rug-strewn, inlaid floor, making a whole delightfully harmonious—a vision of winter comfort or summer coolness and shade, the windows also adding to the effect, these being of stained glass.

Could any gift be more grateful and comforting to a young maid or matron than a dowry-chest such as are seen at Hewetson's in devious ways of carving or simple, from thirty shillings to as many guineas, or faithful reproductions of the old buffet with glorified exterior and deep recesses for good things within? A collection quite unique of genuine



AN ANCIENT WELSH DRESSER AT HEWETSON'S.

Welsh dressers gathered from every corner of Taffy's country are the most picturesque possible additions to an oak room. Old English carved corner-cupboards, so decorative in the unused recess, are to be had both in antiques and replicas at seven or eight pounds and upwards. To supersede

the hideous modern hall-stand, Hewetson has applied the old Welsh oak press, richly carved, lofty, and with ample accommodation for overcoats, rugs, and other such unsightly though indispensable impedimenta. Most of these old cabinets have arched recesses over the hanging press, which admit of china bowls or vases, so emancipating the hall from the evil vision of an overloaded and untidy rack for ever. Another thing of beauty for which we owe our *devoirs* to Hewetson is the introduction of the high-backed sedilia, or monk's-seat. It immensely enhances any



A SEDUCTIVE TEA-GOWN AT JAY'S.

decent-sized hall, and if flanked by a grandfather's clock with deep-booming gong and silvery chimes, so much the better for the possessor thereof. Who, further, that could an he would but adds one of those eminently delightful three-fold carved screens, in itself a rest for the eye and a shield and buckler against wintry breezes, while, as a background to beauty, from lovely woman to a bowl of chrysanthemums, there is nothing so "assisting," as the artists say. Wales is still a fruitful hunting-ground to the collector, notwithstanding all recent raids and pickings up of ancestral treasures. Hewetson has a particularly fine collection of "dressers," which picturesquely serve the double debt of china-cupboard and sideboard. This illustrated is one of a dozen equally alluring models, some old, some copies, all decorative and useful beyond words.

A very fine and representative collection of Chippendale, Sheraton, and Hepplewhite will delight the connoisseur of these periods, some of the finest examples having lately come into Hewetson's possession, while the best modern furniture is illustrated in a series of excellently fitted rooms, which, from the high brass fender with upholstered seat to the latest system in planned wardrobes, confirm in both style and finish the deservedly won reputation of this establishment for superiority in design and construction.

Concerning frocks, from which, like Captain Cuttle, I have had to "stand by" lately owing to other pressing matters of the moment, I find, on glancing over Kate Reily's long array of ball-gowns, that Fashion, like Folly, is still flying and changing as she goes. Satin gowns, for instance, are now almost invariably veiling themselves behind, or rather, beneath, finely embroidered over-dresses of net, chiffon, lisse, or other diaphanous disguise; as, for instance, a light lily-leaf green under white net, embroidered with spangles of steel, jet, and cut emeralds, the bodice strapped at waist and neck with softly folded mauve velvet ribbon—an uncommon union of tints, but becoming to anyone with a complexion, and in Kate Reily's very latest humour. A satin of forget-me-not blue shimmered under white net, spangled with little silver discs, the

shoulder-straps and waist-belt of folded green velvet in that shade of tender green which is seen in the leaves of aforesaid small flower. A magnificent gown of rose-pink satin was subdued under silver-embroidered tulle. Another of white was sewn over with gold paillettes, and a bunch of vivid purple and crimson cyclamens at the waist accented the claims of this exquisite gown to notice. I find that long sleeves are growing on the fashionable imagination for winter gatherings. At a party of obvious "smartness," as that eloquent slang is at present



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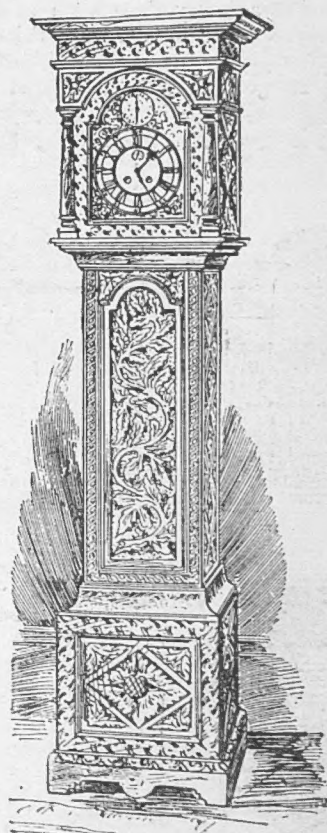
A SMART NOVELTY AT JAY'S.

understood, I noticed, some evenings since, quite a number of long-sleeved women; and the process is distinctly becoming, as well as comforting, in this Siberian temperature, which gives one's arms such an alarming cause for showing red. At Dover Street I have seen a dress of cream brocade, with panniers of accordion-pleated lisse, and long, crinkled sleeves to match, daintily sewn with pink coral and silver. A frilled and embroidered fichu, similarly treated, made excellent effect over wide lace, falling over shoulders and front, the folded waist-belt, of coral-pink plush or panne, fastening at back with a wide diamond buckle. It was a charming dress. In the seductive afternoon matter of tea-gowns, Jay's are more than ever tempting this season, and, as usual, there is a *cachet* about their creations quite peculiar to themselves, a special advantage of buying from them. As an example of these arguments I will quote one extremely seductive garment of this ilk, made of rose-pink *crêpe de Chine*, which is draped rather high at left side to show an under-dress of the same material, trimmed with tiny shirred flounces edged with yellow Valenciennes. Its train, arranged *à la Watteau*, but skilfully contrived at shoulders to show the figure, is a triumph of arrangement, and the loose blouse bodice of pink silk, covered with a French lace resembling fine *crochet*, is further ornamented with a network of steel embroidery, which completes with superb effect the attractiveness of this ideal arrangement for five o'clock. A piece of Louis Quinze brocade, striped green and white, with the usual rosebud design, has been worked up into a tea-jacket of many fascinations. The short *zouave*, bound with black velvet, shows a folded sash of black satin ribbon twisted twice round the figure. A smart yoke of lace is wide enough at shoulders to overlap tiny epaulettes which crown the long sleeves of wrinkled brocade. Another very charming style of smart indoor jacket was shown me in a striped velvet of different mauves made over an under-bodice of white silk covered with the soft *écru* of Maltese lace, glimpses of which seductive combination showed through the mauve velvet, cut in straps and edged with a silver galon. The combination of a folded pink satin sash of brilliant hue made capital cause and contrast with the mauve and cream, both those colours being again repeated at neck. I was much affected with envy of a little Tudor tea-jacket besides, which was composed of soft creamy *crêpe de Chine*, having an embroidered satin yoke, with short, loose *sacque* back, and pointed fichu-shaped front. Dozens of such silken articles always appeal powerfully to one's pocket at Jay's, but never more than at the present season, when, in preparation for the indoor hours of winter, an increased number of such attractive garments have been added to the usual forces of this famous establishment. Of the gorgeous array of dinner- and ball-gowns I would willingly discourse, but time and the tide of other affairs will not now await my enthusiasms. The new silk and greatly befrilled petticoat will not, however, be disallowed a hearing, and I recommend its graces to all who wish to appear with really well and widely hung white, graceful skirts. Jay's keep these gay garments in a variety of useful colourings; one, in vivid *royant* emerald, was most beguiling, with its double flounces and long accordion-pleated vandykes, surmounted by three tiny ruchings flossed in the early Victorian manner.

Returning once more to the enthralling subject of house-decoration and furniture generally, by reason of a recent visit paid in company with some prosperous friends to Waring's, of Oxford Street, I cannot help admitting myself more than ever impressed, not to say subjugated, with the formal graces of that period which may be classified under the general title of "the Adams." Decidedly not a style this which may be located in the small and simple suburban villa of unostentatious rent-roll. Walls of panelled brocade, with attendant Cupids of bronze or ormolu and festooned fretwork, after the Grinling Gibbons order of things, all require a certain atmosphere of income in which to successfully sun their charms; a stately and sonorous manner of surrounding, and one, too, which would eminently suit many fine old houses built in the period both here in town and country, the internal construction of which should be, if it is not, at once

a rapture and reproof to many modern builders. A room at Waring's, which has partly occasioned this peroration, is panelled in soft yellow brocade, against which torch-shaped electric lamps give small but evenly disposed light. These lamps issue from carved wood sconces of Empire design. All the woodwork and beautifully moulded ceiling are in white, while the furniture is inlaid satin-wood, a combination of infinite harmony which "those about to furnish" should absolutely see. Among the numerous very important pieces of old oak, English, Dutch, and Italian, at the moment on view among Waring's carefully classified collection, there is a magnificent suite for overmantel, dado panelling, doors, and chimney-corner, that would indeed enrich even the most ambitious dwelling. It was but lately removed from an ancient manor-house since taken down, and is in remarkable preservation.

Another item of particular though not domestic interest is a seventeenth-century confessional in finely carved oak, brought here from one of Milan's many churches, the enrichments of which are unusually subtle even for Italian handicraft. A set of quite magnificent panels in old Flemish tapestry would make the connoisseur's mouth water; and, as representing Spanish work in an earlier era, we come on an antique brazier, used for heating purpose by burning charcoal, its central brass dish resting in a surrounding of solid oak, on which curious patterns of hammered brass-work are overlaid with fine decorative effect. An Italian cabinet of the sixteenth century, inlaid with many marbles and quaintly carved niches containing tiny bronze figures of exquisite modelling, is one of many specimens of its period annexed by some artistically minded agent of Messrs. Waring. Practical *Hausfrau*, bent on use as well as beauty, will approve of a dining-room suite in plain massive oak, its attractiveness lying chiefly in symmetry of design rather than the usual florid carving. Its accompanying sideboard is a first-prize winner from the Arts and Crafts Exhibition, and a very praiseworthy specimen of latter-day workmanship too. In an adjoining room, fitted up as a morning-room or boudoir in the later French style, an excellent example of Louis XVI. candelabrum is seen, also of "Le Seize," and at quite a modest figure, besides cabinets, china, and prints. A Sheraton collection follows next, among which abound grand sire clocks, richly inlaid sideboards, and the ornate cabinets of that time made for the shelter of specimens from Chelsea, Stafford, and other departed potteries by which our forebears set store. Take it all in all, one does not often look upon "the like" of a furniture collection so comprehensive, carefully chosen, and, at the same time, practical, as that brought together in Messrs. Waring's interesting exhibition. However exacting or ambitious may be the scheme of decoration or general equipment which one desires to live among—or up to—it can here be compassed without difficulty or delay; a staff of



OLD ENGLISH CLOCKS AT WARING'S.

skilful and highly trained artists, learned in periods and the accomplishment of the particular points thereof, being an established factor with this firm.

For the toilet-table Messieurs Blondeau et Cie. appear with some charming novelties, scents and soaps set out in silks and ribbons of the nattiest kind. There is a jar of dentifrice and "lypsyl," a new lip-salve—in fact, in their Christmas box there is the entire secret of the art of maintaining beauty.

SYBIL.

The photograph of Dean Paget in last week's issue should have been attributed to Messrs. Hills and Saunders, of Oxford, and not to Gillman.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Dec. 28.

HOME RAILS.

The traffic returns generally continue to come forward in a highly satisfactory manner. The last figures to hand disclose a gain of no less than £16,878 in Midland, while the North-Western had an increase of £7299, the Great Northern £7189, the North-Eastern £6866, the Caledonian £4022, the South-Western £1642, the Sheffield £1446. The only decrease was shown by the Great Western, amounting to £2480. Despite these gratifying results the market has not been so responsive as might have been expected, more especially as the labour difficulties have been successfully adjusted. The fact of the Christmas holidays being so close at hand doubtless explains the indifference of operators to the favourable conditions of railway securities at the present moment. It is too early to indulge in forecasts of what the dividends are likely to be, but we think that, with the substantial increases recorded to date, it may be safely inferred that higher distributions will be the result. We hear on the best authority that the dividend on Dover A will be one per cent. more than last year. We give the tip for what it is worth.

YANKEES.

The American Market has lapsed into a lifeless sort of condition, and operators on this side do not seem disposed to take the initiative in the way of buying. The position for the moment is far from encouraging, and the atmosphere will require to be cleared of two or three disturbing influences before much activity can be infused into it. It is a wonderful country, and especially so on account of its political methods, which in theory are beautiful, but in practice—well, the less said the soonest mended. However, the United States, like other nations, must work out its own salvation, and success therein can only be tested by time; nor will a little time be required for Uncle Sam to put his house in order so that he and his can be relied upon as steady-going concerns among the governing establishments of the world. The market will doubtless have its ups and downs, but we do not, as we said directly after the election, expect any permanent improvement so long as the currency and other questions remain in their present unsatisfactory state.

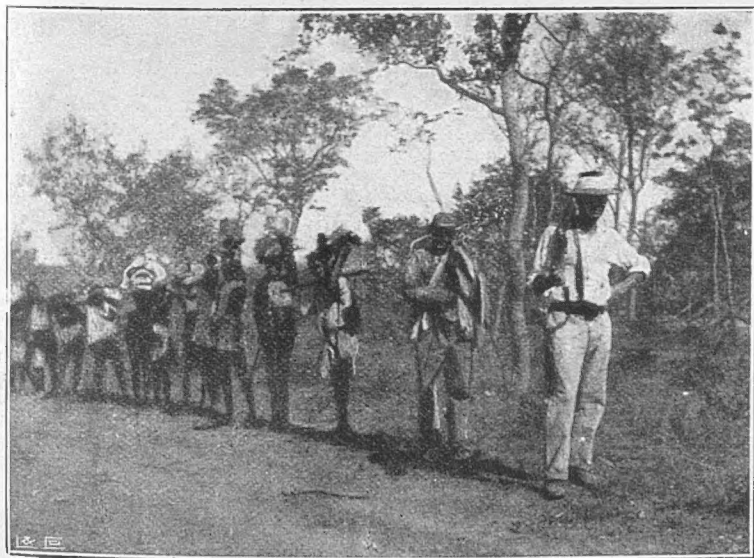
CHARTERLAND.

We give below the first letter from our correspondent who has just returned from a two years' stay in Rhodesia. Our readers must understand that we do not even suggest that they can speculate on the information contained in this or any other letter dealing with the true prospects of the country. Intrinsic merits have nothing to do either with the price of Chartered shares, or of the various development companies which have been formed to exploit the country. We wish to convey to the readers of *The Sketch* a true account of the future of the country, and, for the moment, of the gold-mines of Mashonaland. Our correspondent has had every opportunity of forming a correct judgment on this, but does not profess to be an expert on stock-jobbing.

THE GOLD OF MASHONALAND.

In writing on the future prospects of Rhodesia, it is hardly necessary to state that there are practically only two sources from which the investor in Rhodesian ventures, as distinguished from the speculator, and including, of course, in the long run the British South Africa Company, can look for a return on capital expended—namely, "gold-mining" and "agriculture," under which I include stock-raising.

As to the gold-mining industry, the outlook is by no means so encouraging as appears to be believed in London. Of the few reefs on which any really

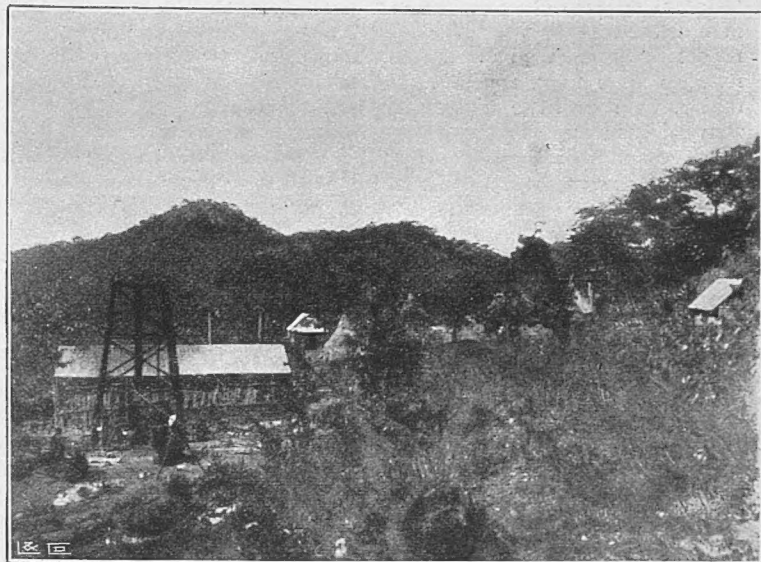


TRAVELLING IN MASHONALAND.

systematic prospecting work (for we can hardly call it development) has been done, not a single one has yet been satisfactorily proved to be payable. In every case that I know, or have heard of, during my two years' experience in the country, the reefs have proved to be of a pockety and uncertain character. These

pockets (sometimes called shoots), although at times extremely rich, and yielding ore studded with visible gold, are invariably limited in extent, and both few and far between. In fact, it may be stated as a general rule, certainly in Mashonaland, that "where there is no visible gold there is no payable ore." I mean by this that the whole of the reef does not contain payable gold, but the richness of the ore seems to be concentrated into small shoots.

After six years' occupation of Mashonaland and three years' of Matabeleland, the total output from the whole of Rhodesia, as reported by the Chamber of



THE AYRSHIRE MINE, MASHONALAND.

Mines, has been 6149 oz., out of which 357 oz. were discovered among ancient ruins, and 84½ oz. in alluvial diggings, thus leaving a total of 5,707½ oz. from 8131½ tons of ore crushed, or an average of a little over 14 dwt. to the ton. When I add that, with the exception of the Cotopaxi, which crushed 2328 oz. from 4857 tons of ore, and then closed down early last year, these crushings are of the class known as trial crushings, and derived from twenty-eight different properties, the ore for which has naturally been taken from the richest parts of the mines, the significance of it will be understood. It is not a fair test as to the likelihood of a mine proving payable, and, even if it were, the result as stated by these figures can hardly be considered encouraging.

If a mine in Rhodesia cannot show average crushing stuff equal to at least an ounce to the ton, it will not be a dividend-paying property—at any rate, for some years to come. The mining industry is hampered in many ways. To begin with, the British South Africa Company holding so many shares in every new promotion, necessitates an excessive capital on which a dividend has to be paid. Again, the distance of the goldfields from the coast, and even more the scattered positions of the various mines, must necessitate for some time to come the expenditure of a huge sum on capital account for the import of machinery, dynamite, oil, candles, and the thousand-and-one other articles necessary to carry on mining operations. Even when the railways reach Salisbury and Bulawayo (which they will not do for at least eighteen months at the present rate of progress), the goods will have to be taken by waggons to the various mines, in many cases seventy or a hundred miles from any township.

It must be remembered also that, as the mines develop, timber for the shafts and for underground work must be imported; the natural timber of the country, with the exception of one species, called "Mahobahoba," being entirely unsuitable for the purpose and terribly amenable to the attacks of the borer. The Mahobahoba is difficult to obtain in any quantity, more especially if required of sufficient size and straightness for timbering a properly developed mine. As soon as work begins in earnest the fuel question will also have to be faced, for, in the sparsely timbered country which is found round the various mining camps, the available supply of firewood must soon be exhausted, and coal will have to be imported, as, so far, none has been discovered in the country.

Let me not be misunderstood. I do not mean to say that there is no payable gold in Rhodesia, or that, of the mines at present being opened, none will succeed; I believe that Rhodesia will probably have, in time, a steady output of gold, when the manner in which the ore occurs is better understood, and mining operations can be carried on in a more practical and economical manner. The basic formation of the country is apparently granite, in which occur basins or troughs of schist and shale, with numerous dykes and veins of quartz, more or less limited in strike, breadth, and depth. In these are found the shoots or pockets of gold which I have tried to describe.

It appears to me, to work such reefs as these profitably, the system of mining in Rhodesia must be reorganised, and companies formed with small capitals to prospect the reefs and take out the payable shoots. It is useless to float companies with large capitals, the great bulk of which is allotted to vendors and promoters, and having for their sole asset some thousands of claims, two-thirds of which are not even worth prospecting.

There is no getting away from the fact that, so far, no mine has proved a success, if judged by the test from the battery, which is the only satisfactory one to the investor. Assays and mine-managers' reports, as published in the papers, are most unreliable, for what mine-manager will publicly condemn the property from which he gets his living?

The development of the gold-mining resources has been greatly retarded by the overestimation of the value and extent of rich finds, accompanied by the giving of large concessions to speculators who have boomed, or tried to boom, the country, in the hope of obtaining a high price for their properties, which in the meanwhile remain undeveloped. Indeed, it will be a good thing for Rhodesia when the Chartered Company, and the speculators who have fattened upon it, pay less attention to the share markets and more to an endeavour, by solid development work, to show that the gold-mines are worthy of the investor's confidence. With very few exceptions, the small amount of work accomplished does not impress those who have seen it, with either an exalted idea of the prospects of the mines, or the proprietors' opinions of their properties.

I have not been in Matabeleland for a sufficient length of time to form a reliable opinion of its gold resources, but from current report among the mining population of Mashonaland—with whom I lived for two years—I believe the prospects there are no better than in the country with which I am acquainted by personal experience.

EAST RAND PROPRIETARY.

Investors holding East Rand shares are rather dubious as to the exact position of this important company at the present time. The annual meeting was held last Monday week at Johannesburg, and contradictory reports are current as to the nature of that meeting. The *Financial Times* South African correspondent, whose version of the proceedings we see no reason to doubt, telegraphed on the 15th inst. an abridged report which clearly showed that dissatisfaction was present on the part of the shareholders respecting the action of the directors. Mr. Farrar, the chairman of the company, wishing no doubt to allay suspicions, followed this report by a so-called official version of what took place—practically nothing more than a verbatim report of Mr. Farrar's speech, and we notice, with no little amusement, that all the adverse criticisms put forward by interested persons have been judiciously omitted. East Rand shareholders will have to wait for further news till the arrival of the South African mails, but it is none the less manifest that East Rand matters are not in a very favourable way, despite the whitewashing by Mr. Farrar and his colleagues.

THE BECHUANALAND TRADING ASSOCIATION

The Rhodesian gods seem to have cast down favour on the Bechuanaland Trading Association, which held its fifth general meeting on Tuesday last. The chairman had nothing but good news to place before the shareholders. The profits show an increase of over 127 per cent. over those of the preceding year, while the dividend distributable, after providing for all contingencies and leaving £3000 to the credit of reserve, is 25 per cent. on the Ordinary shares and 15 per cent. on the Deferred shares. This result, considering the devastations caused to similar companies by the scourges of war and rinderpest, is most satisfactory, and, though the latter trouble will still cause some retardment, there seems every hope of a good future before the company. A noteworthy token of the company's prosperity was the resolution passed to grant a bonus of £1000 to the Association's staff in Africa as a recognition of their services during the past rebellion.

GREAT NORTHERN AND CITY RAILWAY

Dwellers in the Northern suburbs will hail with delight the first steps—which are expected to be made in the beginning of the year—towards relieving the congested passenger traffic at present existing. The capital of this company has been authorised at a sum of £1,500,000, and the Bill which will shortly be presented to Parliament proposes that this shall be increased by £50,000. When it is taken into account that the suburban passenger traffic of the Great Northern Railway has been increasing at the rate of something over a million a-year, it will be readily admitted that it is full time that some further provision was made, more especially as the present accommodation is far from being adequate to deal with the existing traffic. We trust that on this occasion the scheme will be more successful than was the abortive issue in January 1895, which fell through on account of the remarkably complicated terms of the guarantee offered by the Great Northern Company. Undoubtedly, something must be done to relieve the congestion of traffic which exists on the Great Northern suburban lines, and has its origin in the deplorable blunder which might have been obviated many years ago at a much smaller cost. Just as the Great Northern lost the Midlands London traffic, and just as it is going to lose that of the Sheffield Company, the fault lies in the fact that it has no independent access to the centre of London, and practically no independent exit to important provincial centres.

BRAZIL.

From an interview which a correspondent at Rio de Janeiro has had with the Finance Minister, it would appear that the negotiations referred to in our last issue with a group of German financiers for the sale of the Government railways have been partially broken off. At any rate, the remarks made by Dr. Manoel Victorino at the interview above referred to would indicate that the Government are anxious, if possible, to do the business on the London Market. The resources of the country are undoubtedly very great, and, in the event of the railway leases being taken over and controlled by experienced men on this side, great benefit will accrue, while the proceeds of these sales will, if properly applied, relieve the financial strain. We have not in the past had much faith in the methods adopted by the Finance Ministers of this country, but Dr. Victorino has inspired a certain amount of confidence by the energetic way in which he has entered upon his duties and taken the bondholders into his confidence. The market seems to look favourably upon the position generally; but we would advise our readers not to be too sanguine in their dealings with Brazilian securities, as the Government cannot be expected to get rid of its old peculiarities when handling British funds.

RIDGWAYS, LIMITED.

Messrs. Ridgway have complained to us that, in our issue of Nov. 25 last, we stated the premium had run off their shares, which, we went on to add, were not at the date the article was written (Nov. 21) saleable above par. This statement was made as the result of inquiries at the time, but Messrs. Ridgway tell us the facts are otherwise, and we freely accept their statement that a premium was always obtainable. We sincerely regret that we were misled as to the price; but, like every other journal, we can only act on information obtained as to prices ruling inside the Stock Exchange, and in new issues it is very easy for a broker

to make a mistake, especially if he is not actually dealing. The present price is, we are told, $\frac{1}{16}$ to $\frac{1}{8}$ premium, at which they are a good market.

NEW ISSUES.

The same story that we had to tell last week about the poor subscriptions which were being obtained by new concerns is true of the last few days, only more so. The Northern Territories Goldfields issue was a most striking lesson to premium-hunters, and shows that, even if a market is supported in lavish fashion, it does not always produce a big subscription. On Tuesday evening last the price closed $3\frac{1}{2}$ -3, but allotments in full were posted that evening, and on Wednesday morning the price had dropped to $2\frac{1}{2}$ -3. It is true that there has since been some slight rally, but how artificial the market was at once became self-evident.

A certain broker had an order to execute, and going into the House about two o'clock, one day this week, tried vainly to get a price. The "shop" had gone to lunch, so nobody would buy, he was told. Later in the afternoon he managed to effect his bargain, for by that time the "shop" had eaten its midday meal!

Saturday, Dec. 19, 1896.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor," *The Sketch* Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

T. F. E.—(1) We hear very bad accounts of the mine. (2) We strongly urge you to have nothing to do with the parties whose advertisement you send us. (3) Nobel's Dynamite should prove a good purchase.

J. M. J. (San Remo).—We cannot read your *nom-le-guerre*. It is very difficult to advise you as to the Nitrate shares. We should hold them if they were our own.

Novo.—(1) We think the shares are fully paid, in which case you cannot be liable for any more. (2) The company is said to be a very good one of its kind, and we should consider them a fair speculation.

A MAIDEN ALL FORLORN.—We will make inquiries from a director who is a friend of ours, and let you know, if possible, in the next issue.

J. D.—Avoid No. 2. There is a petition for winding it up on the file, and a receiver for debenture-holders in possession. As to Nos. 1, 3, and 4, we should not be buyers with our own money. No. 5 at a discount may give a profit, but we should not advise purchase. No. 6 we know nothing about. No. 7 we have just bought 1000 shares for ourselves.

J. A. P.—Our correspondent has left Western Australia, and we are hoping to have some New Zealand letters from him shortly.

DUBITO.—The company is a good one, judged by past results; but we do not like the directors, especially the two last. For the present it is likely to give you good dividends.

E. D.—We have several times warned our readers against Sam's Wealth of Nations, so that it is your own fault you are caught. We have returned the papers, with a note advising you to become a dissentient shareholder, under Section 161 of the Companies Act, 1862, but fear you will be too late. If you had written when you got the first notice there would have been time; as it is, you had better write the whole thing off as a bad debt.

BEGONIA.—(1) We have very little to add to last week's answer. You confuse the new company with the liquidator of the old. It was the latter that had your money. You can only get dividends from the date of allotment in the new company, and it would be illegal to pay from an earlier date. We have returned your papers. (2) Your lady friend must sell, as she can easily do, for the special settlement, which will be so arranged that she need not pay her January money until it takes place. The Finance Corporation of Western Australia is a concern in which we have no confidence. The people connected with it are not—well, such as to inspire us with confidence.

APPLICANT.—Yes; you must take your shares or fight an action for rescission, for which we cannot furnish you with any material. It is a case of invest in haste and repent at leisure.

OLD READER.—We have sent you an *African Critic* with an account of the proceedings which certain shareholders took. You should consult the gentleman mentioned there.

MUTUAL.—The Insurance Company is all right, and stands well.

T. S. S.—See answer to "J. A. P."

TERROR.—See this week's "Notes."

COE.—So far as any mines are suitable for investment, the ones you have named are first-rate, especially as Nos. 1 and 2 propose to split their shares, which should improve the value.

H. P. W.—(1) Very speculative. The capital is too big. We think, as a gamble, if you will take a two shilling profit, there is a good chance of your getting it. (2) We really know nothing about it, and, on the Stock Exchange, we have been unable to get information. Ask your bankers to inquire of their Birmingham agents.

PROPULSION.—For the sake of a wretched fifteen pounds you had better pay up and look happy; but there is no need for you to pay until you are forced. When you get a solicitor's letter will be time enough to think about it. If it were a big sum we should advise you to issue a writ for rescission of your contract; but, for fifteen pounds, it would be foolish.

VERAX.—Within the limits of an answer, it is impossible to explain fully "call money," and why you cannot borrow at the price you find quoted in the *Times*. Shortly, "call money" is lent on securities immediately marketable, and is liable to repayment on demand. We think, with the Bank rate at 4 per cent., the local bankers are quite reasonable in asking you 5 per cent. for the advance, especially if you can arrange the loan for, say, six months certain, and with the rate of interest to rise or fall as the Bank rate may alter, say, always being one per cent. above it.

J. E. R.—(1) We advise you not to sign any of the three forms, but to sit still and await events. (2) The opinion of this concern you quote accurately represents our own view of its prospects. The gang is a bad one, but no worse than the Universal Stock Exchange, from whose periodical you quote. Fortunately these rival bucket-shop keepers have little quarrels of their own, and so speak the truth about each other.

ADAM.—See remarks in this week's "Notes."

NOTE.—In consequence of Christmas week, we are obliged to go to press a day earlier than usual, and hence correspondents may be obliged to wait for answers. Next week this inconvenience will be increased; but, as most people wish to eat their Christmas dinner in peace, and without troubling about financial questions, we trust our readers will forgive us.